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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

ANCIENT ASIA MINOR.

Travels in Lycia, Milyas, and the Cibyratis, in company with the late Rev. E. T. Daniell. By Lieut. T. A. B. Spratt, R.N., F.R.S., and Prof. Ed. Forbes, F.R.S., &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, John Van Voorst.

If we may judge from the load of new works laid upon our groaning table since our last *Gazette*, we should say that the Publishing Season had now begun in earnest; and that we had almost enough of good matter before us for two months to come [we mention only two months; for be it remarked in passing, these weekly sheets of ours absorb a huge quantity of writing, and furnish a large supply of reading of all sorts to the inquisitive public]. For the nonce, our present No. must, consequently, in its leading review features, appear rather in the shape of a Gentleman Usher introducing a variety of literary company to the world than a Critic leisurely expounding their qualities, and pointing out their peculiar titles to be welcomed or rejected in the society to which they aspire. Upon the average, we think we may truly state that there is merit enough to make a valuable and lasting accession to this species of intellectual intercourse.

And among the foremost we would shake hands heartily with our Lycian travellers, and thank them for the amount of new and interesting information they have brought amongst us from the expedition of the Beacon in 1842. That one of them is missing has been, and is, a subject of deep regret; but it the more inclines us to hail with cordiality and gratitude the production now so modestly put forward by his surviving companions. If the exploration of the antiquities was mid-way terminated by the fatal issue of Mr. Daniell's exertions, still we have the geographical labours of Lieut. Spratt, and the natural history, geological, and other scientific labours of Prof. Forbes; a gentleman so accomplished in many branches that the tribute to Goldsmith's literature might well be applied to his wide range of science (with literature included); for he touches nothing which he does not adorn. Following Colonel Leake, Captain Beaufort, Sir Charles Fellows, Mr. Arundel, Mr. Hoskyn, &c. the authors might congratulate themselves on the extent of their discoveries, by which, as the introduction particularises, so many and such important additions have been made to our archæological, historical, and topographical knowledge.

Two essays on Lycian Inscriptions and Coins, by Mr. Daniel Sharpe, impart much additional importance to these and other "facts" ascertained or corrected in the course of the inquiries developed in these volumes; and their numerous and rich illustrations of every kind—ruins, views, maps, inscriptions, portraits, plans, ornaments, sculptures, tombs, &c. &c. &c., shewing at once the hands of the artists and the antiquaries, still further recommend them to European approbation.

But as we have confessed this notice can be only an introductory presentation and bow, we are compelled to resort to a single extract, in order to exhibit a specimen of these Lycian treasures; and though much tempted by Cibyra, we pass it for the final descriptions of Mr. Daniell's enthusiastic pursuits. After laying down his route to Isionda, now almost demonstrated to be the site of Syllœum, which remained Alexander, he thus writes in his last letter:

"The direction of Boz-boroom, the great mountain behind which I was informed that Serghie lay, [enlarged 48.]

seemed to indicate to me that this must be the place from which we should start; and I found that I was right. We could find no guide, but our course was pointed out to us by a man who had come from Serghie the day before, between a gorge of the nearer mountains, which it did not seem difficult to track, and which the older guide found, when he got to the top, was the very road he himself had gone nineteen years before. He knew his route by a source at which we had just arrived, and from which a large quantity of water gushed at once, and this he told me was called Karamouhari: it was in a very romantic pass in the mountains, and very high up. We went on about an hour, and came to an Urook encampment, near which we halted for the night under a tree. This was in a more open plain than Karamouhari, and was called Akmouhari. The next morning we proceeded early on our way, and after about an hour and a half reached the top of the pass, from whence there was a splendid view to the north-west, looking all over the mountains; among which, I presume, were Sagalassus and Fellows' Selge. Here we had to descend a little, and rise again to another series of huts, called Karagatch, where we halted for several hours, in order to induce a very old man, who would not start in the middle of the day, to accompany us to Serghie. Among these mountaineers, who had never seen a Frank before, we learnt that there were *chok* ruins at Serghie. In consequence of our delay, we did not reach them that night, but proceeded to the very summit of the pass of the great ridge of Boz-boroom, which lay immediately north of us; the waters which we had left passing towards the Cestrus, *i. e.* on the western side of the ridge, and the waters to which we were coming, running to the Eurymedon on the east; which latter noble river soon after became distinctly visible, running in a south-easterly direction, through a magnificent valley between the first great range of mountains from Adalia, and that extremely distant square ridge range which you may have remembered seeing at the far eastern end of the plain of Adalia. I had now this great square ridge directly opposite me, due compass-east, gradually opening more and more to us. At length we turned suddenly to the left, over the top of the slope, and bivouacked for the night, it being nearly dark. Finding myself so completely between the upper waters of the Cestrus and the Eurymedon greatly raised my hopes; but nothing was certain; for I found that evening to my annoyance, looking into Arundel and other books, that there are several Serghies scattered over Asia Minor. In the morning I asked the old man in what direction the ruins lay; he pointed to the next slope from Boz-boroom, but it was so nearly in the sun's eye that I could scarce see any thing. We descended into the valley which lay between us, passed the bed of a torrent separating the two slopes, and to my great surprise, within half an hour came to some vestiges, which increased at every step, till I found myself among a host of remains which the man told me was Serghie itself. For the moment I was disappointed, supposing I had seen the whole; but in a minute or two, getting over the top of the slope on the southern side of which these vestiges were scattered, I came suddenly in view of a theatre magnificently situated, a stadium, a row of Ionic columns standing, and a square below, which must have been the Agora, though now a corn-field. Standing myself upon a large square platform of ancient pavement, with a beautiful foreground of a

very perfect colonnade and other ruins running down the hill towards one end of the stadium, at the other end of which, at a most beautiful angle, stood the theatre; and when I turned to the left, and saw another face of old Boz-boroom—the eastern—I think in all my life I never saw such a mountain view, so utterly different from any thing I had seen elsewhere. The entire of those two huge slopes over which I had last passed, as far as my route lay, is composed of a very coarse conglomerate, which has been worn away into a succession of circular snail-shaped hillocks; and round and round these hillocks, in succession, there stand out little upright blocks of conglomerate; so that, looking up the side of this great mountain, if I had attempted to draw all the gradations of the layers of blocks and snails, it would have taken me two or three days to have made the outline. From this great slope of horizontal parallel lines rose perpendicularly the limestone peak of Boz-boroom, and between every snail there seemed to be level plots of alluvial soil the whole way up. At least, such was the character of the country in my immediate neighbourhood. As far as I could see up the mountain, and certainly all round Serghie itself, all these flat surfaces of alluvium were of the most fertile character; though I found, a day or two after, that I was at an elevation where old Siddle's thermometer boiled at 204½ degrees. Some of the wildest-looking mountaineers I ever saw were collected under a walnut-tree, in a field adjoining the one which I presume was the Agora, and had hailed the muleteers to go down. When I went, I found them bivouacked under a neighbouring walnut-tree; and, as I went, I need not tell you that the extraordinary fertility into which I had come in this very elevated region immensely raised my hopes, for the harvest was all in and being thrashed on the 22d of July,—the stadium through which I passed being a corn-field as well as that in which I bivouacked. I was wonderfully well received by these mountaineers, who had never seen but one Frank before, and him a few months ago, only for a night. 'He was a man with a beard,' they said, 'who did nothing but pick up stones, throw some down again, and put others into his pocket.' It was quite clear who my friend was.

"I measured the theatre: it was three hundred and ninety feet wide. I then thought it as well to go and begin a sketch of the first view that struck me; but from the extremely intricate character of my abominable snails, with their layers of conglomerated blocks, from the difficult perspective of the theatre from the spot where I saw it, as well as the indescribable beauty of the range of mountains running to the north-east, which bounded the sketch, I did not finish my outline till nearly four o'clock. I sent the old man home with the umbrella and traps, and started myself in search of tombs and inscriptions. Strange to say, I, that afternoon, could find but one tomb, and that a built sarcophagus: there had been an inscription at the end, but, either from the badness of the limestone, or its elevated position, scarcely a letter could be made out; and this I afterwards found to be the case in every instance where inscriptions occur in Serghie. Having failed at this tomb, I walked in the direction of a Turkish burial-ground, in hopes of better success; but I will say at once, that nothing was to be made out on any of the few tombs which I found, on this or the three succeeding days. The last day I found a longer inscription; but it had shared, with time, the same fate as the rest. The following morning, before it was

time to begin to colour, I began measuring and planning. At ten o'clock I went to my colouring, and at three or four recommenced my exploring; and so passed all four days. On the third day I made a sketch, looking back upon the height from where I had made my first, with standing Ionic columns for the foreground: and on my fourth day I determined to attempt the glories of Boz-horoom; but I had scarcely begun to colour when the whole effect was changed by a thunder-storm, and huge rolling clouds, not concealing the mountain, but by their shadows so completely changing the effect, that, perhaps, I have made a rather more dashing sketch than I otherwise should have done, though I have not brought away the true characteristic of the mountain. The rain reached me at two o'clock, just as I was about to complete my foreground, but I can manage to make something of it. When the rain was over, I proceeded with my usual evening's occupation; and so ended my four days at Serbhue.

During the time I was there, I collected, I believe, between forty and sixty [coins], and put them away, and have not seen them since I have been ill.—I will tell you the number in a postscript. Of these, not one contained the usual symbol of the town I was in search of; but a very great many either ΣΕΑ or ΣΕ, or Σ alone, and a Roman one had ΣΕΛΕΩΝ on it. The mass of them had the same reverse, viz. a bull-headed head of Hercules; and I should say, from memory, that nearly forty of the batch may be identified, either by the inscription or the reverse, with the town in question. I got four little funny silver fellows very much alike; but though with the same design, yet with a singular variation of features in a full face on one side. Perhaps the following fact may interest you as a corroboration. Two or three of these coins contained either the whole or part of the letters ΚΕΤ, the commencement of Ketenna, unquestionably the true orthography of the name of that city the people of which Strabo calls Cateneans, and other authors Etennians. I left this place on a Tuesday morning. I had a hint on the Sunday night that the people were afraid of what I was about, and they wished I would go on the following day: I told them that I was going the day after the morrow; but that, if they said another word upon the subject, I would stay a week, and send to my friend the Pacha of Adalia (at Stenez), till one of the Greek muleteers should return with a cavass to take their Aga down to Stenez, and teach him how he was to treat us Frank travellers, and make him pay all the expenses of my delay and the cavass's journey; that I was surprised that they were afraid of me, when they were all so civil. Of course, after this, they immediately retired, and took some supper with my men, and said 'Allah!' I have scarcely time or space to describe properly my return home."

His home, alas, was Adalia; where, a fortnight after dictating this communication, he breathed his last.

SIR BULWER LYTTON'S NEW NOVEL.

Lucretia; or, the Children of the Night. By the Author of *Rienzi*, &c. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley. We strenuously desired to pay our immediate respects to the latest striking novelty of the week, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's new work of fiction, *Lucretia*; but the *edax rerum* will not allow us more than a mere taste of it. We can therefore only say that the plan laid down in the preface is one of the deepest interest to be ably developed, and that in the first moiety of the first volume those powers are displayed which might be anticipated from the author, and which are fully competent to solve the granted universal problem proposed in a manner to afford high literary and public gratification. Mammon is a mighty god: we shall here see how his influence works in darkness and guilt; and many may be warned by the terrible exhibition—whilst the other portions of the novel offer variety

in the more common incidents of life." The characters introduced are complicated, with promise of a stirring plot; and Lucretia, with her fiendlike tutor, and her remarkable son, are of a very original cast.

ENGLISH LORD CHANCELLORS.

The Lives of the Lord Chancellors, &c. of England. By John Lord Campbell. (Second Series.) Vols. IV. and V. 8vo. John Murray.

ANOTHER introduction; a pretty voluminous one of nearly 1400 pages, and as the ancient Pistol has it, to be shewn in with *pauca verba*, very few words. From the revolution, 1688, and Lord Commissioner Maynard, to Lord Thurlow of our own age, Lord Campbell has passed before us his likenesses of Trevor, Somers, Wright, Cowper, Harcourt, Macclesfield, King, Talbot, Hardwicke, Northampton, Camden, Yorke, and Bathurst.* If there be a tinge of colouring from the artist's Whig principles and views, it is only to be noted as we survey the gallery; and if there be a slight subcurrent of self-reference, as if Ego were the standard by which to try others, it is only human nature; and chancellors, keepers, and judges, with all their wigs, robes, and paraphernalia, are but men after all.

With the law or the politics of this sterling performance, at least in the first instance, we shall not meddle; and if at all, it will only be with the new and original data with which Lord Campbell has been enabled to enrich this portion of his valuable labours. Among these we may specify a "Minute of Consultation" between that extraordinary person, Lord Commissioner Trevor, and the Princess Anne of Denmark, respecting her accession to the throne:

"So 'dexterous' was he (observes Lord Campbell) that he not only continued in favour with William, but to be great in the next reign he contrived to insinuate himself into the confidence of the Princess of Denmark, and her maid or mistress, so that he was privately consulted by them in all that regarded the succession. While some discussion was going on in parliament respecting the designation of those on whom the crown was limited, a meeting of the princess and her friends was held, of which the following minute was made by Sir John Trevor:

"Tuesday evening, 22d Jan. 1694, at Berkley House, Present, E. of Marlborough.

"Princess.—That she understood Debate in the House about the words 'Heirs and Successors' in the Style of Acts of Parliament. That she did desire that this matter should not interrupt their Consultations, or obstruct the King's business for the support of the Government.—That she had considered this matter, and was confident of the King's kindness and justice, and therefore did desire me that I would acquaint the House that she was willing and desirous that the words 'Heirs and Successors' might still continue in the style."

"I replied that this was a matter of a high nature for me to deal in. That I was willing to serve her R. H. in any thing that might consist with my Duty and Service to y^e King and the House. But for my own Justification, and least I might mistake in the matter of this importance, I did desire her Commands in writing under her hand; else I most humbly begged her excuse. To which she agreed."

"Accordingly, in an envelope indorsed in Sir John Trevor's hand, 'The Princess's Letter to me—Heirs and Successors,' and in a more modern hand, 'From Queen Anne,' there is the following letter, 'For the Rt. Honble Sir John Trevor, Speaker of the House of Commons,' in the handwriting of the Princess herself: 'I have heard there was some question in the House concerning the words 'Heirs and Successors'; as to the concern I may have in it I am very far from desiring any alteration of the

* Loughborough, Erskine, and Eldon are to form a supplemental volume.

style, and wish only that it may be determined in such a way as may bring the least obstruction or delay to the King's affairs in Parliament.' Trevor might have acquired a complete ascendancy over Anne, and have become her Lord Chancellor and chief adviser, but a blow was now impending over him which for ever marred his fortunes."

This was the charge of bribery which led to his expulsion from the House of Commons; though he still continued Master of the Rolls and a skilful Equity Judge.

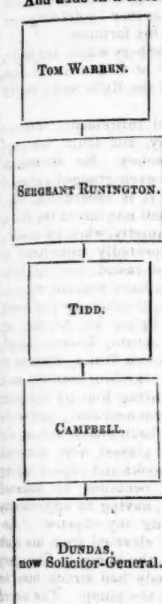
"He lived" after his final retirement, continues our author, "very privately, and found his chief delight in accumulating money. He became so great an economist, that he even grudged a glass of wine to a poor relation. It is recorded of him, that 'he had dined by himself one day at the Rolls, and was drinking his wine quietly, when his cousin, Roderic Lloyd, was unexpectedly introduced to him from a side door: 'You rascal,' said his honour to the servant, 'and you have brought my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, &c. &c. &c., up my back stairs.' Take my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, &c. &c. &c.; take him instantly back down my back stairs, and bring him up my front stairs.' Roderic in vain remonstrated; and while he was conveyed down the back stairs, and up the front stairs, the bottle and glasses were removed by his honour,—some law books and papers taking their place. On another occasion he behaved kindly to this same cousin, having an opportunity of doing so without incurring any expense. 'Roderic was returning rather elevated from his club one night, and ran against the pump in Chancery Lane. Conceiving somebody had struck him, he drew, and made a lunge at the pump. The sword entered the spout, and the pump, being crazy, fell down. Roderic concluded he had killed his man; left his sword in the pump, and retreated to his old friend's house at the Rolls. There he was concealed by the servants for the night. In the morning his honour, having heard the story, came himself to deliver him from his consternation and confinement in the coal-hole. I find only one political anecdote of him after his retirement. He was so incensed by the promotion to the primacy of Tillotson, whom he considered a low-churchman, that passing him one day near the House of Lords, he could not refrain from muttering, loud enough to be heard by the object of his spleen, 'I hate a fanatic in lawn sleeves.' And I, retorted the primate, 'hate a knave in any sleeves.' Sir John Trevor, being near eighty years of age, at last died, on the 20th of May, 1717, at his house in Chancery Lane, and was buried in the Rolls Chapel. The unfortunate obliquity of his vision is perceptible in the portraits and prints we have of him, and made the wags assert that 'Justice was blind, but at the Rolls Equity was now seen to squint.' While in the chair, as speaker, two members in different parts of the House were often equally confident of having 'caught his eye.'"

And this quotation suggests to us that as we have abjured the law and politics of the work before us, we may as well give our readers, what they could hardly expect, a selection of some of the anecdotes and facetiæ with which Lord C. relieved the dryness of these topics; and we can find more no where than in his biography of the burly Thurlow, to whom, by the by, he avowes no great tenderness of construction. At college he was a Pickle, and on his enforced withdrawal in consequence of an insult to and dispute with the Dean of his college, Goodrich of Calais, he entered of the Inner Temple; and Lord C. says:

"The voluntary discipline of a special pleader's office was not yet established; although Tom Warren, the great founder of the special pleading race, to whom I can trace up my pedigree, was then beginning to flourish. The usual custom was to place the aspirant for the bar, as a pupil, in the office of a solicitor, where he was supposed to learn

how actions were commenced and conducted, with the practice of the different courts of law and equity. For young Thurlow was selected the office of Mr. Chapman, a very eminent solicitor, who carried on business in Lincoln's Inn."

And adds in a note:



"I delight to think that my special pleading father, now turned of eighty, is still alive, and in the full enjoyment of his faculties. He lived to see four sons sitting together in the House of Lords—Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Denman, Lord Cottenham, and Lord Campbell. To the unspeakable advantage of having been three years his pupil I chiefly ascribe my success at the bar. I have great pride in recording that when, at the end of my first year, he discovered that it would not be quite convenient for me to give him a second fee of one hundred guineas, he not only refused to take a second, but insisted on returning me the first. Of all the lawyers I have ever known, he has the finest analytical head; and if he had devoted himself to science, I am sure that he would have earned great fame as a discoverer. His disposition and his manners have made him universally beloved."

In another note Lord Campbell relates of himself: "During my seven years' Attorney-Generalship I filed only one criminal information, against Fergus O'Connor for libels in the *Northern Star*, inciting the people to insurrection and plunder. There could not have been the smallest difficulty in having had an indictment found by the Grand Jury of the county of York; but I wished to take upon myself the whole responsibility of the prosecution. Cobbett (I think with some justice) complained that the Attorney-General, instead of boldly prosecuting him by his own authority, had recourse to the subterfuge of an indictment; and by this, among other topics, got an acquittal."

And elsewhere, in summing up Thurlow's career, "Our Ex-Chancellor was at this time only sixty years of age, with an unbroken constitution. Considering his abilities and reputation, he might, as an independent member of the legislature, have had great weight, and he might have continued to fill a considerable space in the public eye; being of some service to his country, and laying the foundation of some additional claim to the respect of posterity. But with his office he seemed to have lost all his energy. When he again entered the House of Lords he was like a dethroned sovereign, and he could not bear his diminished consequence. Seen without his robes, without his great wig, sitting obscurely on a back bench instead of frowning over the assembly from the woolsack, the peers were astonished to discover that he was an ordinary mortal, and were inclined to revenge themselves for his former arrogance, by treating him with neglect. Finding his altered position so painful, he rarely took any part in the business of the House, and he might almost be considered as having retired from public life. He had a very favourable opportunity of improving our institutions, and correcting the abuses in the law, which he had observed in his long experience; but he would as soon have thought of bringing in bills to alter the planetary system, or to soften the severity of the climate; for he either thought what was established perfect, or that the evils experienced in the administration

of justice were necessary, and ought to be borne without murmuring."

The following is in a higher, less self-referable, and better tone; on the chancellor's throwing out the bill for the relief of insolvent debtors:

"If there is to be, said he, 'such a thing as imprisonment for debt, it ought to continue unchecked and unrestrained, unless in cases of flagrant oppression and unnecessary cruelty. The general idea, that humanity requires the intervention of the legislature between the debtor and the creditor, is a false notion—founded in error and dangerous in practice. A much greater evil than the loss of liberty is the dissipation and corruption that prevail in our prisons; to these your lordships had better direct your attention, than to defrauding the creditor of the chance of recovering his property by letting loose his debtor, and taking from him the very hope of payment.' So blinded was he by prejudice as not to see that the 'dissipation and corruption' of which he complains were produced by the very power of imprisoning which he defended. It is important that such distorted sentiments should be recorded for the use of those who are to write the history of human errors. How delightful to think that, imprisonment for debt being abolished, the site of the Fleet prison, the scene of misery and vice, the description of which, in the pages of Fielding and Smollett, harrows up our souls, is now to be converted into a centre railway station for the metropolis,—so that those who are henceforth to congregate there, instead of being immured for life in darkness and filth, and forced to resort to ebriety as a temporary relief from despair, may in a few hours be conveyed, for the purposes of useful industry or of innocent recreation, through pure air and over verdant fields, to the remotest extremities of the kingdom! While the perfectibility of our nature must be acknowledged to be a delusion contrary alike to religion and philosophy, the vast improvements which have been made in our social system should stimulate and encourage our efforts to diminish the sum of crime and of suffering, and to raise the standard of intellectual cultivation and of material comfort among mankind."

But we are almost forgetting our promised facetiae.

"Lord North at a city dinner, having announced the receipt of intelligence of an advantage gained over the 'rebels,' and being taken to task by Charles Fox and Colonel Barré, who were present, for applying such language to 'our fellow-subjects in America,' exclaimed, with the inimitable talent for good-humoured railery which distinguished him, 'Well, then, to please you, I will call them the gentlemen in opposition on the other side of the water.'—This has been told me as a traditional anecdote not hitherto in print."

"This reminds me of a Westminster Hall anecdote of Mr. Clarke, leader of the Midland Circuit—a very worthy lawyer of the old school. His client long refusing to agree to refer to arbitration a cause which judge, jury, and counsel wished to get rid of, he at last said to him, 'You d—d infernal fool, if you do not immediately follow my lord's recommendation, I shall be obliged to use strong language to you.'—Once, in a council of the benchers of Lincoln's Inn, he very conscientiously opposed our calling a Jew to the bar. I tried to point out the hardship to be imposed upon the young gentleman, who had been allowed to keep his terms, and whose prospects in life would thus be suddenly blasted. 'Hardship!' said the zealous churchman, 'no hardship at all; let him become a Christian, and he d—d to him!!!'

"While Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Sheridan kept up some smart debates in the House of Commons, upon the Westminster scrutiny and other subjects, the House of Lords usually only met to adjourn. Now was uttered the sarcasm on their lordships, which may still be repeated.—Scene below the Bar. *1st Mob.* 'How sleepy the lords are!'—*2d Mob.* 'No wonder; they rise so early.'"

"I have heard the late Lord Holland several times say, that considerable abilities are not well adapted to the chair of the House of Commons; for all the Speakers in his time had been pronounced 'excellent,' except Lord Grenville; and he failed, although the only clever man among them."

"Thurlow was not ill-natured in conversation; and Johnson was considered a more terrible opponent. Craddock, who knew both intimately, says: 'I was always more afraid of Johnson than of Thurlow; for though the latter was sometimes very rough and coarse, yet the decisive stroke of the former left a mortal wound behind it.' According to the fashion still prevailing in his time, he used to have long symposiac sittings after dinner, during which his wit was stimulated by the brisk circulation of the bottle. 'In the afternoon of life, conviviality, wine, and society unbent his mind. It was with Mr. Rigby, Lord Gower, Lord Weymouth, Mr. Dundas, and a few other select friends, that he threw off his constitutional severity.' Though by no means subject to the charge of habitual intemperance, yet from occasional indulgence he sometimes found himself in scenes which, according to our sober notions, were not very fit for a chancellor." Returning, by way of irony, relates Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, 'very late at night, on horseback, to Wimbledon from Addiscombe, the seat of Mr. Jenkinson, near Croydon, where the party had dined, Lord Thurlow, the chancellor, Pitt, and Dundas, found the turnpike-gate, situate between Tooting and Streatham, thrown open. Being elevated above their usual prudence, and having no servant near them, they passed through the gate at a brisk pace, without stopping to pay the toll, regardless of the remonstrances and threats of the turnpike-man, who, running after them, and believing them to belong to some highwaymen who had recently committed some depredation on that road, discharged the contents of his blunderbuss at their backs. Happily he did no injury."

"There are a few of Thurlow's pointed sayings handed down to us, but I suspect that even a Boswell could not have supported for him the reputation he enjoyed in his own time. In the Duchess of Kingston's case, two learned doctors of the civil law pouring forth heavily much recondite lore, having gravely argued that the sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court, annulling her first marriage, was decisive in her favour,—the Attorney General was pleased to remark, that 'the congress of two civilians from Doctors' Commons always reminded him of the noted observation of Crassus, *Mirari se quod Haruspex Haruspice sine risu adspicere posset.*' In the debates on the regency, a prim peer, remarkable for his finical delicacy and formal adherence to etiquette, having cited pompously certain resolutions, which he said had been passed by a party of noblemen and gentlemen of great distinction at the Thatched House Tavern, the lord chancellor, in adverting to these, said, 'As to what the noble lord in the red ribbon told us that he had heard at the *alehouse*—' Such strokes of course jocularity tell more certainly in either House than the play of the most refined wit.—Even when in administration, he affected to laugh freely at official men and practices. Thus, when on the woolsack, having mentioned some public functionary whose conduct he intimated that he disapproved, he thought fit to add, 'But far be it from me to express any blame of any official person, whatever may be my opinion; for that I well know would be sure to bring down upon me a panegyric on his character and his services!—Lamenting the great difficulty he had in disposing of a high legal situation, he described himself as long hesitating between the intemperance of A and the corruption of B, but finally preferring the man of bad temper. Afraid lest he should have been supposed to have admitted the existence of pure moral worth, he added, 'Not but that there was a d—d deal of corruption in A's intemperance.'—Happening to be at the British Museum

viewing the Townley Marbles, when a person came in and announced the death of Mr. Pitt; Thurlow was heard to say, 'a d—d good hand at turning a period; and the more so.' The following anecdote was related by Lord Eldon: 'After dinner, one day, when nobody was present but Lord Kenyon and myself, Lord Thurlow said, "Taffy, I decided a cause this morning, and I saw from Scott's face that he doubted whether I was right." Thurlow then stated his view of the case, and Kenyon instantly said, "Your decision was quite right." "What say you to that?" asked the chancellor. "I said, "I did not presume to form a judgment upon a case in which they both agreed." But I think a fact has not been mentioned which may be material. I was about to state the fact and my reasons. Kenyon, however, broke in upon me, and with some warmth stated that I was always so obstinate, there was no dealing with me. "Nay," interposed Thurlow, "that's not fair. You, Taffy, are obstinate, and give no reasons; you, Jack Scott, are obstinate too; but then you give your reasons, and I—d—d bad ones they are!" Thurlow having heard that Kenyon had said to a party who had threatened to appeal from his decision, by filing a bill in Chancery, "Go into Chancery then: ab in malum rem!"—the next time he met the testy Chief Justice, he said, "Taffy, when did you first think the Court of Chancery was such a *malum rem*? I remember when you made a very good thing of it." Pepper Arden, whom he hated and persecuted, having been made a Welsh judge by Pitt, and still continuing to practise at the Chancery bar, was arguing a cause against his boon companion, Graham, and something turning upon the age of a lady, who swore she was only forty-five, he said he was sure she was more, and his antagonist looking dissent, he exclaimed, so as to be heard by all present, "I'll lay you a bottle of wine of it." Thurlow did not swear aloud, but by an ejaculation and a frown called the unwary counsel to a sense of the impropriety he had committed. *Pepper Arden*. "I beg your lordship's pardon: I really forgot where I was." *Thurlow*. "I suppose, sir, you thought you were sitting on the bench in your own court, administering justice in Wales!"

"On the occasion of a public procession, the prince, who had taken offence at something Thurlow had said or done, rudely stepped in before the chancellor. Thurlow observed, "Sir, you have done quite right; I represent your royal father: majesty walks last." "Proceed, sir." At Bright-helmstone, the Prince of Wales, living with a gay set of frivolous young men, who displeased the ex-chancellor much, asked him frequently to dinner, but always met with an excuse. At last, walking in front of the pavilion in company with them, he met Lord Thurlow, and pressed him much to dine with him, saying, "You must positively name a day." Lord Thurlow, looking at the party who were with the prince, said, "If I must name a day or time, it shall be when your royal highness keeps better company." At another time Lord Thurlow had voluntarily given the prince some advice, which was far from being palatable. His royal highness was so angry, that he sent to him to say that in future Carlton-house gates would be shut against him. Lord Thurlow answered, "I am not surprised; proffered favours always stink." The prince, conscious of the ungenerous return he had made, acknowledged his error, and they again became friends. The prince once sent Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt to the ex-chancellor, to ask his opinion respecting some difference in the royal family. "You may tell your master," said Thurlow, "I shall not give him my opinion." My lord," said Sir Thomas, "I cannot take that message to his royal highness." "Well, then," said Lord Thurlow, "you may tell him from me, that if he can point out one single instance in which he has followed my advice, I will give him my opinion on this matter."

"In Thurlow's time, the habit of profane swearing was unhappily so common that Bishop Horsley, and other right reverend prelates, are said not to

have been entirely exempt from it; but Thurlow indulged in it to a degree that admits of no excuse. I have been told by an old gentleman, who was standing behind the woolsack at the time that Sir Ilay Campbell, then Lord Advocate, arguing a Scotch appeal at the bar in a very tedious manner, said, "I will noo, my lords, proceed to my sevenyenth point." "I'll be d—d if you do," cried Thurlow, so as to be heard by all present; "this house is adjourned till Monday next," and off he scampered. Sir James Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, used to relate, that while he and several other legal characters were dining with Lord Chancellor Thurlow, his lordship happening to swear at his Swiss valet when retiring from the room, the man returned, just put his head in, and exclaimed, "I vont be d—d for you, millor," which caused the noble host and all his guests to burst out into a roar of laughter. From another valet he received a still more cutting retort. Having scolded this meek man for some time without receiving any answer, he concluded by saying, "I wish you were in hell." The terrified valet at last exclaimed, "I wish I was, my lord! I wish I was!" Sir Thomas Davenport, a great nisi prius leader, had been intimate with Thurlow, and long flattered himself with the hopes of succeeding to some valuable appointment in the law, but several good things passing by, he lost his patience and temper along with them. At last he addressed this laconic application to his patron:—"THE CHIEF JUSTICE-SHIP OF CHESTER IS VACANT; AM I TO HAVE IT?" and received the following laconic answer:—"No, BY GOD! KENYON SHALL HAVE IT!" Having once got into a dispute with a bishop respecting a living of which the Great Seal had the alternate presentation, the bishop's secretary called upon him, and said, "My Lord of— sends his compliments to your lordship, and believes that the next turn to present to— belongs to his lordship." Chancellor. "Give my compliments to his lordship, and tell him that I will see him d—d first before he shall present." Secretary. "This, my lord, is a very unpleasant message to deliver to a bishop." Chan. "You are right, it is so; therefore tell the bishop that I will be d—d first before he shall present." With all his faults, it must ever be remembered to his honour that, by his own abilities alone, without flattery of the great, or mean compliances with the humours of others, he raised himself from obscurity to the highest dignity in the state; that no one can ascribe his rise to reputed mediocrity, which is sometimes more acceptable than genius, and that for a period of forty years he not only preserved an ascendancy among distinguished lawyers, statesmen, and orators, but that he was regarded with respect and esteem by eminent poets, moralists, and divines.

"Thurlow became, in his retirement, a great reader of novels; and in one instance, so interested was he in the plot, that he despatched his groom from Dulwich to London, after ten o'clock at night, for the concluding volume, that he might know the fate of the heroine before trying to go to sleep."

"When I first knew the profession, it would not have been endured that any one in a judicial situation should have had such a domestic establishment as Thurlow's, but a majority of the judges had married their mistresses. The understanding then was, that a man elevated to the bench, if he had a mistress, must either marry her or put her away. For many years there has been no necessity for such an alternative. The improvement in public morals, at the conclusion of the 18th century, may be mainly ascribed to George III. and his queen, who, though being unable to lay down any violent rule, or to bring about any sudden change,

"I am afraid that profane swearing was then much practised by men of all degrees in Westminster Hall. I remember when Sir James Mansfield was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and the unruly members of the court who practised before him led him a most wretched life. It was said that one evening, having fallen asleep on a sofa in a lady's drawing-room, he was heard to call out several times in his dream, "O—d—d the sergents!"

they were obliged to wink at the irregularities of the lord chancellor, not only by their bright example, but by their well-directed efforts, greatly discouraged the profligacy which was introduced at the Restoration, and continued, with little abatement, till their time."

"With this we close our extracts, simply observing that contemporary testimonies quoted at pages 519, 521, and 562, are hardly to be reconciled with Lord Campbell's lower estimate of Thurlow's abilities and character."

NEW ZEALAND.
Savage Life and Scenes in Australia and New Zealand, &c. &c. By G. F. Angus, author of "New Zealanders Illustrated," "A Ramble in Malta and Sicily," &c. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co. ALREADY favourably known to the public, both as an artist and author, by the works above quoted, and the interesting exhibition of last season at the Egyptian Hall (see *Literary Gazette*), Mr. Angus has fully confirmed every expectation by his new publication. Generally speaking, we might say it was artistical and descriptive, picturesque and poetical, did we not fear that these epithets might mislead the reader into an impression that it was not at the same time curious in actual observation and faithful in details. But his practice of nightly notation of every thing seen in the day and deemed worthy of record has ensured the latter qualities; and it is only his natural talent and pursuits which have engendered them with the former, in union with, and aided by, his characteristic pencil-embellishments. The opening of the first volume is a very graceful example of his feeling and taste in description; but as we would rather look in such books for distant information than for home beauties or excellence of style, we shall pass over all the sea-voyage, and the reflections they suggest, to drop at once among the Antipodes.

Behold us, then, not only landed at Adelaide, but on an exploring journey with the governor, Captain Grey, along the south-east coast of that rising settlement.

"Although the weapons and utensils belonging to the various tribes are many of them similar in appearance, they are often designated by totally different names. The round mat of the Murray is called *paingkoon*; the basket *talinkit*; the kangaroo skin *werknoot*. A net twice and a half yards long, which is worn as a charm round the waist during sickness, and is beautifully manufactured of the fibrous bulrush root, is termed *mitum*. The boomerang is not known amongst them. They have three kinds of spears in general use; the large barbed spear (*woorah*), made of the blue gum-wood; the tea-tree spear, which is tipped with the light stem of the grass-tree, and barbed with sharp quartz or glass, cemented by means of the resin from the pine that grows on the sandy hills near the river, or by grass-tree gum and sand, of which they form a kind of glue; and the reed spear, which is like an arrow, and pointed with wood hardened by fire. The throwing-stick, for projecting the smaller spears, is called *geracool*, and a short wirri for striking, *puhr*. Their summer habitations of boughs are termed *mitum*, and the winter huts *puhrum*. They have a custom of offering their wives to their friends when they visit them; it is also regarded as a mark of respect to strangers. Many of the men possess four wives; the old men securing the greatest number. A sister is exchanged for a daughter; and if a young man has several sisters he is always sure of obtaining wives in return. Should the ladies object, or become obstreperous, they are mollified by a shower of very sharp blows on the head with a *wirri*. They are kind to their children, and never beat them, if they are displeased, they take them up and throw them to a distance. When an individual dies, they carefully avoid mentioning his name; but if compelled to do so, they pronounce it in a very low whisper, so faint that they imagine the spirit cannot hear their voice. The body is never buried

with the head on, the skulls of the dead being taken away and used as drinking vessels by the relations of the deceased. Mooro, the native whom I met near the junction of the lake, parted with his mother's skull for a small piece of tobacco. Favourite children are put into bags after death, and placed on elevated scaffolds, two or three being frequently enclosed beneath one, covering the bodies of aged women are dragged out by the legs, and either pushed into a hole in the earth, or placed in the forked branches of a tree; no attention whatever being paid to their remains."

What will our lady authors on the rights of women say to this indignity? Shade of Mary Wollstonecraft, arise and join the living band of Misses Ellis, Norton, Jameson, to arraign this insult to the sex, oppressed from the cradle to the grave, and even after death thus vilely treated!

It may be some solace that the unmanly corpses of the male sex, though differently disposed of, are not used with particular veneration:

Those of old men are placed upon the elevated tombs, and left to rot until the structure falls to pieces; the bones are then gathered up and buried in the nearest patch of soft earth. When a young man dies, or a warrior is slain in battle, his corpse is set up cross-legged upon a platform, with its face towards the rising of the sun; the arms are extended by means of sticks, the head is fastened back, and all the apertures of the body are sewn up; the hair is plucked off, and the fat of the corpse, which had previously been taken out, is now mixed with red ochre, and rubbed all over the body. Fires are then kindled underneath the platform, and the friends and mourners take up their position around it, where they remain about ten days, during the whole of which time the mourners are not allowed to speak; a native is placed on each side of the corpse, whose duty it is to keep off the flies with bunches of emu feathers, or small branches of trees. If the body thus operated upon should happen to belong to a warrior slain in fight, his weapons are laid across his lap, and his limbs are painted in stripes of red and white and yellow. After the body has remained for several weeks on the platform, it is taken down and buried; the skull becoming the drinking-cup of the nearest relation. Bodies thus preserved have the appearance of mummies: there is no sign of decay; and the wild dogs will not meddle with them, though they devour all manner of carrion. When a friend, or an individual belonging to the same tribe, sees for the first time one of these bodies thus set up, he approaches it, and commences by abusing the deceased for dying; saying there is plenty of food, and that he should have been contented to remain; then, after looking at the body intently for some time, he throws his spear and his *warri* at it, exclaiming, "Why did you die?"—or "Take that for dying."

This seems a variation of the Irish bowl, "Arrah, Paddy, on why did ye die? there's the praties and the whiskey, why did ye die?" Of their superstitions in this quarter we shall quote but one example; as from the review of a number of works on the same part of the world in our recent pages we could pick out less novelty for our readers in regard to it than in New Zealand, whither Mr. Angus, after perambulating South Australia, proceeded.

"An elegant species of fly-catcher, of a black colour, which continually hovers about in search of insects, performing all manner of graceful manœuvres in the air, is regarded by them as an evil spirit, and is called *mooltharp*, or devil. Whenever they see it, they pelt it with sticks and stones, though they are afraid to touch or destroy it. An earthquake and a whirlpool are also termed *mooltharp* by them. They have a tradition that a very long time ago a big black fellow, whom they style Oorundoo, came down in his canoe, and commanded the water to rise and form the river. The same Oorundoo is supposed to have made the bulrush root, and stocked the river with fish. His two

wives proved untractable, and ran away from their lord; and to punish this unwarrantable behaviour on their part, Oorundoo very properly made two lakes to drown them, which correspond with the lakes Alexandria and Albert."

And now for New Zealand:

"The New Zealanders are a more cleanly race than the natives of Australia, and there is not that perceptible odour about them which is so disagreeable in connexion with the latter population. Their heads are good and well formed, and frequently approach in shape those of the most intellectual nations of Europe: both animal and intellectual faculties are strongly developed, and the facial angle is large. Their teeth are regular and remain good to a late period of life. In many individuals the nose is aquiline and well shaped; in others it is flatter, more resembling those of the people of Luzon or Pelew. The mouth is rather larger than with us, and the lips, especially the upper one, are more fully developed. The countenances of some of the chiefs indicate a great degree of mind, and are totally divested of any thing approaching the expression of a savage; while the nobleness of their appearance and bearing proclaims at once their superiority over most of the uncivilised races of man. It is only in moments of excitement and passion that their countenances are lighted up with savage ferocity: at other times they display a combination of dignity and mildness which is sure to win the confidence of the stranger.

"The women of the better class, such as the daughters of some of the more important chiefs, may lay claim to be considered handsome; they possess a gipsy-like style of beauty, which is heightened by a natural modesty and bashfulness. They frequently form matrimonial alliances with Europeans, and the result of these marriages is the finest race of half-castes, perhaps, in the world. The slave women, on the other hand, are as coarse and unprepossessing as the daughters of the *Rangitiras*, or chiefs, are pleasing and comely. Both classes, however, soon begin to look old: the result of hard labour in some cases, and in others of early intercourse with the opposite sex, combined with their mode of living, which rapidly destroys their youthful appearance. The New Zealander is, nevertheless, long-lived; many of the chiefs having attained a great age: at the present moment there is a chief residing at Coromandel harbour who distinctly remembers the visit of Captain Cook to Barrier Island, and several others of the inhabitants recollect events that occurred about the same period. Throughout the whole of the islands of New Zealand but one language is spoken; only differing slightly in certain districts, where provincialisms occur, similar to those in England: the Taupo people, for instance, at the lakes of the interior, use a prefix unknown to the northern tribes. The Maori language is soft and euphonious, containing but fourteen letters, in which are included all the vowels; its syllables are remarkably liquid, and, if we except the *nga*, every consonant is separated by one or more vowels. The letter *r* is frequently pronounced like *d*; and, although their alphabet has no *s*, words commencing with an aspirated *h* are sounded as if they commenced with the former letter: *hongu*, for instance, is pronounced *shongi*. The language of the Tahitians and that of the Sandwich Islanders have a very close affinity to the Maori tongue."

In his appendix Mr. Angus quotes some remarkable coincidences between the language of the Sydney tribe, and the Welsh, Greek, Persian, Hindostanee, Latin, and Arabic, but they are too few and accidental to lead to any hypothesis. In New Zealand, he tells us, "the children are cheerful and lively little creatures, full of vivacity and intelligence. They pass their early years almost without restraint, amusing themselves with the various games of the country: such as flying kites, which are formed of leaves; the game of *maui*; throwing mimic spears made of fern-stalks, and sailing their tiny flax canoes on the rivers, or watching them tossed about by the waves of the sea. These are the

most favourite sports of these merry and interesting children."

"The lips of both sexes are generally dyed blue. It is a reproach to a woman to have red lips; and on arriving at a proper age they are invariably considered blue. This is done by pricking the lips over with a sharp instrument until the blood flows freely; a soot or charcoal is then rubbed in, which produces the desired effect."

"In the neighbourhood of the settlements, and, in fact, wherever they can get an opportunity of disposing of their pigs, but little pork is eaten by the New Zealanders, excepting on a few occasions, on some grand occasion; the supplies of food then collected together are astonishing. The improvident natives prepare for a feast for perhaps a year previously, by raising an extra quantity of provisions; and then, owing to the extravagant waste that takes place during the festivity, they submit to be half-starved until the succeeding harvest. At one feast of this sort, given by a chief in the neighbourhood of Auckland to all the surrounding tribes, the power of blankets intended as presents to his friends, and the baskets of potatoes and dried fish piled up together, exceeded a mile in length. Thousands of natives were assembled; many of them having come from distances occasionally exceeding two hundred miles; and the war-dance was performed at intervals during the feasting. It was then anticipated that Te Werewero, the principal Waikato chief, would, in the following year, give a feast to the tribes, which should exceed, in the quantity of provisions collected together, that of the Auckland chief."

"The New Zealanders are very particular about their food; it being connected with many notions of *tapu*, which are as absurd as they are amusing; for instance, food must always be consumed in the open air, and never in a sleeping-house; neither may any one eat in a canoe, if it happens to be laid under a *tapa*, but must wait until they land. No food is permitted to touch the head of a chief; and any thing appertaining to food, when mentioned in connexion with the head or hair (which is peculiarly sacred), is considered as a curse, and revenged as an insult. A friend of mine, when residing in the north of New Zealand, once told a chief, whilst in conversation with him across the garden-fence, that he had some apples in his plantation nearly as large as that boy's head, pointing to the son of the chief, who stood by. He was too late to recall the unfortunate simile; the chief was highly insulted; and, though my friend assured him of the unintentional cause of the offence given, it was with great difficulty that a reconciliation was brought about again."

"The war-dance is by far the most exciting of all their exercises, and is performed before commencing a battle, and for successive days previous to an engagement, whilst the warriors are ministering at the *paha*. The purpose of this savage dance is to excite their warriors to the highest pitch of fury, and to bid defiance to their enemy; accordingly, in its celebration, the tongue is thrust out with the most insulting grimaces; the limbs are distorted, the whites of the eyes are turned up; and the dancing is accompanied by hideous and aggravating songs. On these occasions, the warriors bedaub their bodies with red ochre; for they fight naked, their heads only being ornamented with the feathers of the *hina*. The only musical instrument of the Maories is one resembling a small flute, which produces but few modulations of sound. This instrument is sometimes made out of human bone—generally the leg-bone of an enemy; and when this is the case, it is highly valued as a trophy, and worn, attached to the *whi*, round the neck of its possessor. Draughts are commonly played all over the interior; and it is questionable if they were introduced by Europeans, as the New Zealanders manage the game in a somewhat different manner from ourselves."

These traits, taken "promiscuously" from a score of pages, will shew the nature of *Savage Life* and

Scenes; but as the author penetrated into the interior of the country, of which he gives more particular accounts, we shall accompany him for the sake of extracting some examples of his original observations. Let us premise that "travelling in New Zealand is very different from travelling in Australia, where the open nature of the country enables one to ride for hundreds of miles in almost any direction; in New Zealand the traveller must go on foot; and so dense and extensive are many of the mountain forests, that he has to cut or force his way through them; whilst the frequent precipices, swamps, and rivers, offer obstacles to his progress that require some ingenuity to overcome."

In 1844, Mr. Angus traversed 800 miles of this country, i. e. the northern island, on foot, and became "acquainted with many tribes, settled on the shores of inland lakes, and amidst sequestered valleys, whose character and existence even are but little known to dwellers on the coast." Pursuing native paths, which are never wide enough for two persons abreast, at the very outset from Auckland, we immediately fall in with a striking and somewhat amusing description of settlers.

"Towards the close of day we arrived at the termination of this volcanic and open district; and on the borders of a dark forest, we descended a small clearing, with one or two huts belonging to European settlers. We tried in vain at one of the huts to procure either a bit of potatoes or some flour as food for our lads; the settlers being very poor, and potatoes exceedingly scarce, in this part of the country: the great native feasts at Auckland a few months ago had well nigh exhausted the stock, and there will be no more until the spring crop comes up. It was now sunset; and we suddenly struck into a belt of forest—a glen of profuse vegetation—through which the lingering beams of day were in vain struggling to penetrate. A break in the forest revealed to us an open space, through which a murmuring stream flowed; and the ruins of an undershot water-mill, that had never seen completion, marked the unsuccessful toil of some settler in the wild. The full moon, like an amber shield, rose over the dark wood, and its light stole through the crisp leaves of the spreading tree-ferns, making them look extremely beautiful. The lone cry of the *ko ko* (a species of goat-sucker) echoed plaintively from amongst the dense copse-like underwood; and the song of night-birds amongst the fern made a low, soft music, that told of calm and peaceful solitudes. Suddenly emerging from the wood, we again struck out into an open fern country, along which we travelled by the light of the moon, crossing swamps and small streams gurgling beneath an overgrowth of luxuriant flax-bushes.

"We sought refuge for the night under the hospitable roof of an old captain, who, from commanding country ships in the opium trade, had exchanged China, and India, and the luxury of the East, for a humble barn in the forests of New Zealand. Our host complained sadly of the depredations of the natives; and positively assured us that their ill-behaved dogs ate all his butter, which had been made with infinite trouble, by shaking up the cream in a green glass bottle. His guns were kept cocked, in case of an alarm; and the very people, amongst the least civilised of whom I was going alone and unarmed, were represented to us as a race of banditti. Our native lads, tired and hungry, on arriving at the end of their day's journey, dropped each one as usual into the fern, with his flax-tied bundle on his back, and giving the accustomed grunt, each removed his load. Whilst the lads made themselves comfortable beneath a *rampu* shed, at a short distance from the barn, we betook ourselves to the shelter afforded us by the worthy captain's hut, where we found his family, with the usual accompaniments of a settler's log-cabin, dogs, fleas, and a good blazing fire. Our host, as is usual in Europe, conducted me to my night's quarters. Lifting a piece of depending canvass, he requested me to crawl beneath it; this

done, I was enabled, by the light of the moon which was shining full into this corner of the barn, to make a complete survey of the crevice into which I had been thrust by the overwhelming kindness of my host: he would not for a moment think of my sleeping on a heap of fern, which I greatly preferred, but obligingly compelled me to occupy 'the best bed,' which was styled 'the mattress'—a filthy ragged thing, full of fleas, and without any covering. Two herdsmen, on an opposite tressel, with the moonlight shining brightly upon their faces, lay snoring and scratching themselves alternately with great vehemence; troubled, no doubt, by the same nimble parasites that blackened my 'mattress,' with their countless hosts. Horrible noises in the thatch, which the natives would probably have ascribed to the *atlas*, afforded a subject for speculation, as I lay all night with my eyes wide open, counting the mosquitoes I had killed: sometimes I was inclined to think that they were the greatest plague; but a vigorous sally from the myriad inmates of the mattress 'feelingly' convinced me that they were not unrivalled, and turned the fulness of my wrath against the wingless foe. Longing for surmise to banish my vile tormentors, I envied Forsaith [his travelling companion and a protector of the Aborigines] on his heap of fern; but in the morning he told me that he too had slain his thousands, and the trophies of his prowess lay scattered around him. During the day the *namu*, or sand-fly, is almost as troublesome as the mosquito; but it is instant death for them to bite me, as my entomological propensities make me pretty certain in my capture."

Moving on, we are told other incidents, but these must be reserved as a sequel for our next *Gazette*.

HIGHLAND SOLDIERS.

The Romance of War; or, the Highlanders in Spain. By James Grant, Esq., late 62d Regiment. 3 vols. Colburn.

WRITTEN in a spirited style, just as we should expect a true Highlander to fight; these volumes separate the Highland regiments partially from their brethren in the Peninsular War, and combine personal adventure, love-scenes, and various fiction, with the actual events of the sanguinary struggle. The two principal characters are from the wildest range of Perthshire, the sons of sires whose ancestors have been ever at feud, but the families now tending towards a reconciliation in the Romeo and Juliet manner. The brother and lover of the heroine have, however, in the first instance, to serve their country; and in them and their comrades Mr. Grant impersonates the gallantry of his brave fellow soldiers "in the garb of old Gaul." Much as we have read of these affairs from Torres Vedras to Toulouse, we may say that the present narrative is dashing and interesting; but we prefer to take our illustration of the work rather from its opening chapter, and the fine description of the young ensign leaving his old father's fastness-tower to join his regiment in Edinburgh.

"At last arrived the important day which was to behold Ronald launched from his peaceful Highland home into the stormy scenes of a life which was new to him. Evan Iverach had been sent off in the morning with the baggage to the hamlet of Strathisla, where the stage-coach for Perth was to take up his young master. Sorrowful indeed was the parting between the old piper and his son Evan Bean, (i. e. fair-haired Evan), and they were but little comforted by the assurance of the old erone Janet, who desired them to 'greet weel,' as their weird was read, and they would never meet main. Ronald was seated with his father at breakfast in the hall or dining-room of the tower. The table was covered with viands of every kind, exhibiting all the profuseness of a true Scottish breakfast,—tea, coffee, cold venison, cheese, oaten bannocks, &c., &c., &c., and a large silver-mouthed bottle, containing most potent usquebaugh, distilled for

the laird's own use by Alpine Oig Stuart in one of the dark and dangerous shams on the banks of the Isla, a spot unknown to the excisemen, a personage much dreaded and abhorred in all Highland districts. The old cailloch, Janet, was in attendance, weeping and muttering to herself. Iverach was without the tower, making the yard ring to the spirit-stirring notes of a *bagpip* sound and din.

"We'll awa to Sherrinair, as I doddle o' bagpip sound, an' hand the whigs in order," said Ronald, and he strode to and fro, blowing furiously, as if to keep up the failing spirit of his tough old heart. Mr. Stuart said little, but took his morning meal as usual. Now and then he bit his nether lip, his eye glistened, and his brow was knit, to disguise the painful emotions that filled his heart. Ronald ate but little and sat totally silent, gazing with swimming eyes, while his heart swelled almost to bursting, on the lofty hills and dark pine woods, which, perchance, he might never more behold; and the sad certainty that slowly passing years would elapse ere he again stood by his paternal hearth, or beheld his father's face,—if, indeed, he was ever to behold it again,—raised within him emotions of the deepest sadness. 'Alas!' thought he, 'how many years may roll away before I again look on all I have loved so long; and what dismal changes may not have taken place in that time!' 'Hui-ugh! Ochon—ochanari!' cried the old woman, unable to restrain herself longer, as she sunk upon a settle in the recess of the hall window. 'He is going forth to the far awa land of the stranger, where the hodiecrow and fox pyke the bones of the dead brave; but he winna return to us, as the eagle's brood return to their eyrie among the black cliffs o' bonnie Craiganan.' 'He shall, old woman. What mean you by these disheartening observations in so sad an hour as this?' said the old gentleman sternly, roused by that prophetic tone which never falls without effect on the ear of a Scottish Highlander. 'Dinna speak sae to me, laird. God sains me! I read that in his bonnie black een which tells me that they shall never again look on mine.' 'Hoigh! prutt, trutt,' said Iverach, whom her cry had summoned to the spot; 'the auld teevil of a cailloch will be casting down Maister Ronald's heart when it should be at the stoutest. Huiast, Janet, and no be believing us with visions and glauerie just the non.' 'Dinna, old Iverach, I tell you he shall never more behold those whom he looks on this day. I tell you so, and I never spoke in vain, cried the old spinster in Gaelic with a shrill voice. 'When the brave sons of my bosom perished with their leader at Corunna, did I not know of their fall the hour it happened? The secret feeling, which a tongue cannot describe, informed me that they were no more. Let I heard the wild wind howl their death-song, as it swept down the pass of Craiganan, and I viewed their shapeless spirits floating in the black mist that clung round the tower of Lochisla on the night the field of Corunna was stricken, for many were the men of our race who perished there: the dead-bell sung to me the live-long night, and our caillochs and maidens were sighing and sad, but I alone knew why.' 'Peace! bird of ill omen, replied the piper in the same language, overpowered by the force of her words. 'Dinna glead sin! will you break the proud spirit of a *duinhe*, wasa' of the house of Lochisla, when about to gird the claymore and leave the roof-tree of his fathers?' 'Come, come, we have had enough of this,' said Mr. Stuart. 'Retire, Janet, and do not by your unseemly grief disturb the last hours that my son and I shall spend together.' 'A wreath, and this not for naught, is coming across my auld een,' she replied, pressing her withered hands upon her wrinkled brow. 'Sorrow and woe are before us all. I have seen it in many a dark dream at midnight, and heard it in the croak of the night-bird, as it screamed from its eyrie in Colrain-Taisachan, where the wee men and women dance their riggs in the bonnie moonlight. Greet and be woeful, my dear bairn, for we shall never behold ye mair. Ochon—

aching and pressing Ronald to her breast, his faithful old dependant rushed from the hall. "Grief has distracted the poor old creature," said Mr. Sumner, making a strong effort to control the emotions which swelled his own bosom, while Ronald no longer contented his, but covering his face with his hands, wept freely, and the piper began to blubber and sob in company. "Hoigh! oigh! Got tam! it's foot naething but fairies' spells and glamourie that's ever and aye in auld Janet's mouth. She creaks and croaks like the howlets in the auld chapel-istle, till it's gruesome to hear her. But dinna mind her, Maister Ronald; I'll blow up the bags, and cheer your heart wi' the gathering on the bonnie plod mair." The piper retired to the yard, where the cotters and many a shepherd from the adjacent hills were assembled to behold Ronald depart, and bid him farewell. Ronald's father, the good old man, although his heart was wrung and oppressed by the dismal forebodings of his retainers, did all that he possibly could to raise the drooping spirits of his son, by holding out hopes of quick promotion and a speedy return home; but Ronald wept like a youth as he was, and answered only by his tears. "Oh, Ronald, my boy!" groaned the old man; "it is in an hour such as this that I most feel the loss of her whose fair head has long been under the grassy turf which covers her fair-haired little ones in the old churchyard yonder. The sun is now shining through the window of the ruined chapel, and I see the pine which marks their graves tossing its branches in the light." He looked fixedly across the loch at the islet, the grassy surface of which was almost covered with grey tomb-stones, beneath which slept the retainers of his ancestors, who themselves rested among the Gothic ruins of the little edifice, which their piety had endowed and founded to St. John, the patron saint of Perth. The day sped fast away, and the hour came in which Ronald was compelled to depart, if he would be in time for the Perth stage, which passed through Strathgairn. His father accompanied him to the gate of the tower, where he embraced and blessed him. He then turned to depart, after shaking the hard hand of many an honest mountaineer. "May God's blessing and all good attend ye, Maister Ronald," blubbered old Tverach, who was with difficulty prevented from piping before him down the glen, "and dinna forget to befriend your Evan Reay, that follows ye for love." A sorrowful farewell in emphatic Gaelic was muttered through the court as Ronald, breaking from among them, rushed down the steep descent, as if anxious to end the painful scene. His father gazed wistfully after, as if his very soul seemed to follow his steps. Ronald looked back but once, and then dashed on as fast as his strength could carry him; but that look he never forgot. The old man had reverently taken off his hat, allowing his silver hair to stream in the wind, and with eyes upturned to heaven was fervently ejaculating,—"Oh, God! that nearest me, be a father unto my poor boy, and protect him in the hour of danger." It was the last time that Ronald beheld the face of his father, and deeply was the memory of his expression impressed upon his heart. Not daring again to turn his head, he hurried along the mountain path, until he came to a turn of the glen which would hide the much-loved spot for ever. Here he turned and looked back: his father was no longer visible, but there stood the well-known tower, rising above the rocky crag-land, with the grey smoke from its huge kitchen chimney curling over the battlements in the evening wind, which brought to his ear the wail of Tverach's bagpipe. The smooth surface of the loch shone with purple and gold in the light of the setting sun, the rays of which fell obliquely as if a flaming orb appeared to rest on the huge dark mountains of the western Highlands.

The finale, not being a conclusion, will probably disappoint some readers; for the author has chosen to bring the course of only the second of his heroes and a Spanish conquest to the novel finish of a

marriage; and left the first to another opportunity. This offence against all received constructiveness must stand or fall upon its own ground; but we have nothing to say in approbation of it.

PRIOR'S COUNTRY-HOUSE.

AGREEABLY to our intimation last Saturday, we again take up this poetical volume; for since the days of his namesake Mathew, who wrote *The City Mouse* (not *The Country-House*) a hundred and fifty years ago, there have been as few Priors in our literature to notice as in our monasteries to be revered. The name of itself, therefore, would claim a second salute; even independent of the verse, which equally recalls to us the sterling old times of English composition.

The author, who, we learn from his notes to the volume, has been a good deal abroad, adverts to the illusions which prevail in young minds as to the supposed pleasures and enjoyments of foreign scenes; but did he really ever seriously think of commencing Hottentot? What else are we to infer from the conclusion of his animated apostrophe to idleness?

"O Idleness! how dear to many a breast,
Which in thy soft embrace alone seems best!
Thou seeming luxury!—To live at ease,
To move, or rest, or trifle, as we please;
Few cares to press, to no pursuit inclined,
Unworked the body and untaxed the mind;
For these men covet, ere experience tells
How in thy circle purient evil dwells;
Wild, selfish, sensual thoughts—when thought intrudes;
And these are all the Gipsy-savage broods."

Such thoughts were mine in youth's illusive day,
When Fancy lured to tropic climes away;
Pictured the looser joys that sense conceals,
The bliss that waited in the palm-tree's shade;
The pride and pleasure to the fiery soil,
Where no superior reign'd or laws control!
A life by modes and forms untampered run,
With fervid passions court a kindred sun;
Mid flocks and fruits and flowers to range, and share
All nature's wealth, without the labourer's care;
The chase o'er his horse's pursuit, or through the wood,
Earn with the sportsman's zeal his choicest food;
Lave in the stream, refresher of my toil,
And tread unquestioned Chief of tribe and soil.
All these, ere judgment taught me how untrue,
Seized on the mind and fired my eager view;
Bade me unnumbered charms in each desecry,
(Ah, who save Fancy may such charms supply!),
Urged me in love with savage life to fall,
And ease and freedom seek within a Kraal!"

A ship on fire at sea is very powerfully, we had almost said painfully, described, though we cannot stop to quote it: but a note informs us that poor Falconer, the poet, to whom the author gives a vigorous passage,

"He who the shipwreck sung, by shipwreck died,—
Son of misfortune, Falconer!—doomed to thee,
Once to escape, yet still a victim be;
Nature's resistless powers arrayed in strife
Against that uncensured, troubled thing, thy life;
Afar, unseen, by either's rage expire,
One made thine urn, and one thy funeral fire!"

and who perished in the "Aurora" frigate on her voyage to India, he heard at the Cape probably was destroyed by fire, rather than by wreck in the Mosambique Channel, as is commonly supposed.

We must not omit a just and spirited tribute to the devoted affection of "the womankind."

"But change the scene.—The careless husband there,
While by his bedside breathes his helpmate's prayer—
Kind, faithful, good;—nor could neglect remove
Her care from him who once had vowed to love;
O'er his exhausted frame untiring bends,
Lists as the dying whisper slow ascends;
Counts the large drops that from the forehead start,
Bursting like life-blood from the overcharged heart;
Unseared by danger, meets the talented brood—
Hers once in youth and health, and still in death;
Starts at each sigh the heaving chest may pour,
And sinks beside it when the struggle's o'er.
Around the couch by grief depressed, or pain, indeed
Oh, let that softest sorrows, Woman, reign;
Whom Heaven has sent to deaden misery's stings,
Whose warm affection healing mercies brings;
Swift to console where mental ills she sees,
Where subtle poisons lurk, and conscience disease;
As dangers grow, surround her feminine form,
And elsewhere timid, slimes a heroine form!"

The smuggler is too long for us; but such a man, in all his minute portraiture, we have seen.

Evening amusements in the country are briefly adverted to; and the usual topics of such a fire-side, which so frequently are wholly devoted to sporting themes after the retirement of the ladies, are given with a spirit that would seem to imply the writer either to be a devoted sportsman, or a very accurate observer. The shooter, the hunter, the angler, the yacht-racer, the steeple-chaser, each tells his tale in animated lines; but we can make room for the Nimrod of the party, describing a fox-chase:

"They cease: when Hunters snatch the inspiring theme,
And while their prowess tell, would heroes seem,
Fired by remembrance, how each voice is strong—
What glowing sketches flow from off the tongue!
How good the meet,—the find,—the red-coat field,
What jests the covert's side was found to yield;
How by excitement fired each steed appears,
Quakes as he waits, snorts, paws; and pricks his ears;
Starts with melodious dogs in deep-loud cry,
O'er heath, and dale, and hill-sides seems to fly!
How few and short the checks that marked the chase,
The burst how fine,—long run,—severe the pace;
What music pealed along the vales below,
When from the gorge-brake poured the Tally-ho!
How this dog feathered, longed,—that courier leaped,
—What fame the hunt-man,—What his master reaped!
Thrown out or off, how some confused in time,
Grimed some in mire, or some compelled to swim;
Or as few lived the run, who first had checked,
Their baffled course, and left the field select,
How went the Fox, to neither hand inclined,
Now traced a hedge-row, or ran down the wind;
Onward as fear impelled, how breathless flew,
Or faintly faltered with the hounds in view,
And hardly pushed, stopped short, then doubled round,
Now took the water,—lost appears,—now found,
Yet leaves the field at fault and runs to ground."

Nor is a warrior-guest behindhand in giving his version of some harrowing scenes:

"Yet not unscented all come,—with soldier's pride;
Observe whose sleeve hangs armless by his side;
Spear'd twice in front his warrior friends allow,
Deep on his brow see graved the sabre's edge;
He fresh from warfare's deeds the tale may tell,
Where slaughter raged the most, who bled or fell;
How ebbing life forsook the withering mass
Of untombed corpses strewn in Affghan's pass!
Snow-wreaths their shrouds,—while frost in fastness locks
Bones yet unblanched,—their tombs in lowering rocks!
Who shrinks not from the recent battle-spot,
Who, mingled there, the scene has o'er forgot!
To all a lesson that war's surest gains
Are ruins, blood, and slaughtered men's remains!"

The fourth part touches on various rural matters and characters with the same spirit that belongs to the whole poem; and often, as we have to observe, with as much originality as vigour; and it concludes with a character of Lord Byron, without which our analysis would be incomplete:

"But shall I fail to note him whose career,
As Meteor bright and short, once flitted here;
Who, pained and pride-stung, joined the flying troop
To other climes,—the chief of passion's song!
Noble of birth,—more noble vein his Muse,
Strength, beauty, fervour, through their strains effuse;
Wields every power and form of Verse,—explores
Far as Thought ranges, Wit or Fancy soars!
Endowed with Heaven's first gifts, and yet designed
To show how error warps the mightiest mind;
And teach, though pride the humbling truth would gloss,
That all its riches not redeems its dross.
A wayward will was his; a fervid breast,
Like Hecla's crater, flamed in wild unrest;
Where passions warring as its entrails raged, set
Burned in the man, and streamed along his page, darts
A mental lava,—whose impetuous roll
Whelmed in its course a large yet wilder'd soul,
So deep in doubt and gloom, that Hope, afraid,
Fled from the darkened waste that Fancy made;
Now in a moody, now a mirthful vein
He mimed the hero of his strains;
Gave to applauding crowds assumed disdain;
Threw out on truths which human hearts must cheer,
As idle humours prompt, the jest or sneer;
On vice or virtue showered a reckless wit,
Careless, while made to glitter, which it hit;
Painted, too thoughtless of their patient hues,
Passions the modest hide, the good sublimed;
Smeared, for this, the mimic hero of his strains,
In license fancied what he never supplied;
Turned from the maxims—argued how oft in vain;
Who, hopes true pleasure must himself restrain;
There be, of Wisdom's teachers, virtuous men,
Sternly who judge him, loudly who condemn.
Far be from me the thought to harm his fame,
And, not to hint, a great, a faulty name;
Smiled at amid critics, would accept grave derision,
He reigned the poet monarch of the hour,
Used mental strength as Deserts do their power,
Not mildly, wisely; prone to slight or mock;
Pleased to astonish, careless whom to shock;

Found in his breast such glorious powers allied,
That conscious strength broke forth in boundless pride,
Wild as the untrilled steel we madly see—
Plunge, frisk, curvet,—exulting to be free.
So wanton he;—yet erring or beguiled,
How ceaselessly Genius' pitted child!

Of the shorter pieces the best are some sonnets,
elegy on Carew, Castle, the Sea-side, Cambrian
Rambles, lines on a portrait of Burke, and some
very appropriate and spirited verses to H.B.

WORLD OF DRAMATIC GENIO.

It would seem as if the want of theatres to let out
the young blood of dramatic authorship impelled
a more than usual effort through the press.

Bianca, Cappello; a Tragedy in Five Acts. By
H. P. Horne, Staines, W. Watkins.

There are considerations which remove this
drama from the ordeal of strict criticism. The
writer's devotedness alone would disinclose us to
the task; but though it is a reconstructed and
anxiously improved version of a tragedy of the
same name which he published by subscription five
years ago, we cannot, with truth, rank it among
successful efforts. A few passages will shew suf-
ficient cause, why we cannot. Francesco, Duke of
Florence, explains in the following manner to his
two most faithful adherents why he will not com-
plete his negotiated alliance with an Austrian
princess, in consequence of having fallen in love
with the Venetian Bianca, from having seen her
picture:

"Francesco. And now, sirs, to the business; you know
How we for some time have affianced been
To Austria.—I'll not marry Austria.

"Ricci. Pardon astonishment—I pray your grace—
F. Francesco will not wed with Austria:
Not all the fishes in the Danube should
Convince him that, though they speak with tongue,
You'll say that Austria will champ—perhaps
She will; and we must curb her mettle so
That she too lofty rear not: Johanna
Must chew this morsel, couchant in the shade
Of her own eagle sable and displayed.

"F. My lord, what will the council say to this?
F. Just anything they please, Roberto.

"Ricci. Sir,
I'm silent, dumb: yet may we venture ask,
Is it your highness merely wills this so,
Or hath another or a fairer one
Wrought wondrous change?

"F. There is another lady certainly,
And there's a high cause besides, as touching the
First, you will smile when I confess to you
That I have never yet set eye on her
Incomparable self; that emperor
Of tints (the Titian) hath her portrait ta'en—
You both shall view it after we have done
Our conference; and seeing, you will cease
To wonder at my weakness (as I feel)
The probable you both will call it, Sirs,
What think ye of Cappello's only child—
I mean of Venice, the Magnifico!"

In fairness to Mr. Horne, we quote the best
passage we can discover in his play. Cappello
is schooling his daughter as to her choice of a
husband, and impressing the usual paternal and
prudential maxims; to which

"Bianca. Then Love's a phantom?
Cappello. Daughter, nothing more—
A vision of the unsubstantial night.
Which flees before the common morning watch;
A rainbow arched in fancy's chequered sky,
Whose hues must vanish with their parent mist;
A tissue woven of a many threads
Of seeming concord, but discordant most—
Often a heavenly—a phantom still;
At forty, we begin suspect it so;
At fifty, of the truth we are convinced
And when the snows of threescore whiten us,
We become vicious like to aged kings,
And turn to gore young hearts for dreaming as
We ourselves did in early ignorance.

"B. Father, is not this cruel and unjust?
C. Ha, so it sounds and so it seems—in truth
'Tis merciful—indeed, most merciful.
Therefore, no more, girl: see thou crotchets shun—
'Gold and defiance' let thy motto be;
Arise! laugh to all the world's thine heraldry.
The red exposed, you will not lean on it;
Go—think this kindly uttered, as it is;
And bid the rowers man the gondola
At sunset, when I will say more to thee."

The tragic story is generally known; and the
subjoined will demonstrate how much deeper its

depths are than the author had power to fathom
or language to paint. The bridal feast ensues after
the duke has beheld her loved husband, Buona-
ventura, and married the vengeful heroine.

"Cappello. Fate conquers all—
A providential hand is over us;
It is in vain that we oppose us to;
That is resistless in its native self;
Cappello yields with the best grace he may;
Amen, then.

"Francesco. 'Tis well said; our duchess, she
Shall as a column of fair symmetry
Sustain the burden and the architrave
Of all our love, of all our thankfulness.

"Bianca (aside). It's only when the adder dares the day,
That we can fix the crush upon his head
Of honest heel.

"C. May countless blessings still
Enwheel each happy year of both your lives.

"F. See where I pledge me as a prince of rule,
To more than keep what I to-day have vowed;
And, as I drain it, let the timbalier
Wake thunder from the kettle's hemisphere,
While cornets blithely tell submissive air
Francesco drinks the fairest of the fair."

They drink, and the fatal poison immediately
takes its effect.

"Duke (rises). Ah me! what flux of the discordant earth—
Bianca. Look to the Duke! His highness is not well!
Cardinal. Murder and treason! shut the palace-gates.
Francesco (falls). Seize on the strumpet! no—I wronged
her—no;

I would have used her for my scorn—but she—
B. Ha, ha! (there slipped a liar's truth) but she
Hath used thee as all villains should be used;
This should be more than swallowing of words—
'Look, the slave kisses, bring restoratives!'
'I would not have him miss a particle.'—
And yet it was the verbiage we heard
Once on a time, when justice, mercy, truth
Met in the chair of our own Tuscany.
See, gentlemen! I have my tablets here,
Square notes of virtue taken at the time;
They're evidence—are they not evidence?
And evidence, we know, is a solemn thing.

"Card. The noble Count Cappello too is baned!
Beware, our soldiers keep the citadel—
Look to him, some of ye—I cannot quit
The duke—let not confusion be to her
Escapement.

"B. Who's that babbles of escape?
Card. Treason within may treason stir without;
Command our trumpets sound a long alarm,
And bid our war-drums beat the general. [Alarms without.

"B. Ay, call them all; they will not bring him back,
Who's going upon a steeper errand than
His brother kites of herabouts shall top.
F. Make me the bed of many rivulets,
Let me be coral, whereupon the surge
Of the Pacific may incessantly
Beat, and impart an atom of its name—
Or porous sponge upon the Syrian brink,
The cold Egean to engulph its once.

"B. Toss him the cloak of fetid pools to suck,
Such as red Sirius in his fury laps;
So, niggard moisture to the taken carp.
F. I am a stolen nestling urchin-crammed—
A crucible of molten minerals;
Oh, I am all one anguish—all one pain;
Homelock, and nightshade, and morecreeon!
On my hot ashes setting ye to grow,
Beget a fiercer dard to kill mankind.

"Card. Brother—my lord, be patient, be a man;
The leech is bringing potent antidotes.
F. Ah, antidotes—what away have antidotes?
Sweet Death who com'st to all, not come to me?
And where is she, where is that devil fair—
B. Here's she that did, and glories in the deed!
Monster, I revel in your agonies,
And in your tortures half forget mine own,
Who shed my husband's blood! that angel's blood
Who made seraphim ending most unlike
To—

"F. Ah!
B. My cruel father—I confess,
This is the worst of all that was to be.

"Card. Wretch! thou hast won a prize of infamy
Will make thy name a byword and a ban
For virtue through all time to shudder at.
B. Seek unctuous hypocrite! go, blink beside
Yon mummy, by this skillful hand embalmed
With conserves pungent as Arabia,
Or Egypt in her day of prejudice,
Smeared on as worthless carcases; they drank—
They drank—I only sipped, ah, ah!—enough.

To our fancy, nothing could surpass Francesco's
dying wishes, in six lines, to be converted into the
bed of many rivulets—into coral, upon which an
atom of the name of the Pacific (ex. gr. Pa, or se,
or ac, or ie, or cl, or fi), should incessantly beat—
or into porous sponge; except, perhaps, the cruel
Bianca's rejoinder, to give him the cloak of fetid
pools to suck, like a "taken carp."

The Horatii; a Tragedy. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This is also a five-act tragedy, and, we must add,
a five-act failure. The writer has proposed to him-
self an engrossing and incongruous design, viz. to
make this old pagan event which "in some degree
entertaining as a drama, might, (perused by the
light of a scriptural acquaintance with Christian
affections, Christian principles, Christian morals,
and Christian ends), have profitably illustrated the
lamentable nature and tendency of human prin-
ciples and human practice, when left to their own
workings." No wonder that such an idea should
lead to non-fulfilment and absurdity, where it is
possible (which it seldom is) to trace out its work-
ings. But independently of the unconquerable
obstacle towards reconciling two matters of al-
together different character and nature, the author
lacks power to manage even the raw material of
the Roman and Alban romance; and is in every
part so palpable an imitator or paraphraser of
great preceding dramatists, that his claim to the
honour for himself must be denied.

In the opening scene we have Roman citizens,
after *Coriolanus*, but talking in low prose of "moral
maggings;" and when we slide into heroic verse,
King Tullus spouts thus:

"Shall Rome, I say,
And meekly suffer her designed affronts,
Thereby but tempting her to harder tread
On our too humble necks?—It were foul wrong
Unto your valour, Romans, to bethink
That of such sires born, ye should have heart
In such an hour to do otherwise
Than hurl a stout defiance at your foes,
For our own part, as by the gods set o'er ye,
(Through operation of your suffrages)
To cater for your good, we do adjudge,
That when two states do thus fall by the ways,
War's their best umpire; other go-between
There's none that may so well their strife adjust.
How say ye, Romans, then?

"Are ye content to put your valours to,
And to yourselves be true, should Alba fall,
To mend her manners 'towards the state of Rome?"

"All. War! War! War! we will follow the valiant
Tullus! we will not fail the valiant Tullus! War! War!
we will not be thrust to the wall of Alba!"

We need hardly cite any further evidence; but we
will just occupy a small space with three specimens
more:

"A Tent. The Horatii brothers, RAUNA, and HORATIUS
FAMUS. Now like to Mars himself dost thou appear,
Heroic son of Rome; thus panicked
Oh, the brave garments of the warrior,
That the fire of the martial god
Himself may burn in thy stout arm to-day!

"Mar. Unto the back-bone, my brave weapon; thou art
Meel for a soldier's bride. He'll who comes here,
H. Why of a truth he comes the king himself.

"Metius (from his love to Horatia) would rather
that the combat should be modified; but the fierce
Marcus replies:

"We challenge ye to mortal emulation!
A challenge! yea, a challenge! a defiance!

"Caecilius. Your challenge, cousins, don't acceptance lack.
Met. Amen! amen!—we fight unquiescently!
Your wills and deeds conform, mine disagree;
I have no more to say. Now, general
The signal when you please!

"Caecilius. Yea, but a word: I have had some of this
scene hath troubled us; for it records
With certain rumours that have reach'd our ears,
Importing that your noble, Caecilius,
Out of condition just now something better
Met. How, sir dictator?—

"F. Nay, thy temper curb.
We have too much at stake to mine the matter:
There are that have misgivings of thy zeal.

"Met. Who are they?
F. Nay; it doth not need to tell;—
Met. Then, I shall speak them; the lump, dictator!

Which forthwith he proceeds to do, and promises
to fight for Alba as well as he can; though he has
Horatia's unmanly snarl about his person; and is
most reluctant to strike her brothers.—

"Enter MARCUS HORATIUS, and he, in his own part
of the drama of METIUS, CAECILIUS, and others, from the scene
of the drama of HORATIA.

"Met. (To F.) Now, my stout-hearted wench! my melted
one!
See, I have torn me from applauding mates,

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Though the blank verse halts for it, this, perhaps, might be acted with effect. The character of the heroine, Eveline, is ably delineated and her husband, Count Mansfeldt, is also a bold and soldierly personage. The father of Eveline is a chamberlain to the king, a little too close to the Polonius pattern; but altogether, *Love's Trial* might be worth a trial, and at any rate reads very fairly.

Mere curiosity or rarity, or the fact that there are one or two passages of interest in a book which is otherwise dull, or scurrilous, or of no value, is not in our eyes a sufficient reason for reprinting seven hundred and fifty copies of it (which we believe is the number published of the books of the Shakespeare Society); and there are

We really cannot imagine that any person at the present day can feel any interest in knowing that Richard Burbadge had a sister named Joane (a very common name at that time), or whether she was older or younger than himself, or where she was born or buried; we have nearly a page to discuss whether the name of Burbadge's mother were *Hellen* or *Ellen*, and another to shew whether his daughter's name were *Juliet* or *Julia*. We make these observations, not to find fault with the manner in which the book is executed, which we are very far from doing, but we object to giving so much importance to mere trifles; and particularly when it is done, not by an individual only, but by a Society. Several of the biographies in this volume are even less deserving of this elaborate treatment than that of Burbadge; and we cannot help thinking that if by chance an account had been preserved of the names of people who had furnished Shakespeare with hats, there would have been almost as much reason for devoting a volume to the family-history of the hatters, as to that of

some of the players here commemorated. William Kemp was a writer of tracts, and a morris-dancer, as well as a player; and therefore he deservedly has an extra share of space allotted to his biography. Nathan Field, also, was a writer as well as an actor of plays. Yet, including these, after having looked through the three hundred pages of which the volume consists, we cannot find a single paragraph of sufficient general interest to be transferred to our columns. This is the character of the society's publications to which we object. We wish the Shakespeare Society could have produced a series of books of some general utility and interest,—it is only by doing that, that it can, in our opinion, justify its existence.

THE BUCHANITES.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

SOME false alarms kept the spirit of this grand delusion alive; and the "Luckie" seems to have played her part with matchless skill. Hymns, or rather rants, were for ever in the mouths of her promiscuous adherents. Thus:

"One evening when we were as usual all employed, some in the garret; and many below, Friend Mother was in the kitchen surrounded by children, when, on a sudden, a loud voice was heard as if from the clouds. The children, assisted by our great luminary, struck up the following hymn:—

"Oh! hasten, translation, and come, resurrection!
Oh! hasten the coming of Christ in the air!"

All the members below instantly started to their feet, and those in the garret hurried down as fast as they possibly could through the trap-door; but it being about midnight, and there being no light in the house, Mr. Hunter, in the agitation of the moment, and being a feeble old man, tumbled headlong down the trap-ladder, whilst striving to descend from the cockloft. In an instant, however, he bounded from the ground, and with a voice as loud as a trumpet, joined in the general chorus of "Hasten, translation," which every one in the house sang most vehemently. The bodily agitation became so great with the clapping of hands and singing, that it is out of my power to convey a just idea, on paper, of the scene which it occasioned: every one thought the blessed moment was arrived; and every one, singing, leaping, and clapping his hands, pressed forward to the kitchen, where Friend Mother sat with great composure, whilst her face shone so white with the glory of God, as to dazzle the sight of those who beheld it; and her raiment was as white as snow. The noise was so loud that the neighbourhood was alarmed. Thomas Davidson, our landlord, came to our door like a man out of his senses; he rapped and called at the door till he obtained admission; and he, too, squeezed into the kitchen, beseeching her to save him, and the multitude by whom the house was surrounded, from the pending destruction which they apprehended was about to destroy the world. She told them to be of good cheer, for neither he nor any of his friends would suffer any damage that night, for she now saw her people were not sufficiently prepared for the mighty change which she intended them to undergo. As the light passed from her countenance, she called for a tobacco-pipe, and took a smoke; and as the extraordinary agitation diminished, the people without dispersed quietly."

This was a prelude to the grand farce of a fast for forty days, and then the upward flight of the poor starvelings who observed it: the leaders, Luckie and the Whites (Mr. and Mrs.), feeding on the sly; and Mrs. Hunter, not only succeeding, but employing legal means to reclaim her husband from his strange and nearly insane companions.

"The following extract of a letter from Robert Montgomerie, Esq., banker, Irvine, alludes directly to the cause of Mrs. Hunter's departure from the society, at the time of the great fast, though written sixty years after that period:

Irvine, 16th Feb. 1846.

"... Mrs. Hunter was a very clever woman. I have heard from what I considered very good authority, that the first thing that opened her eyes as to the character acted by Luckie Buchan was a proposal made by her to Mrs. Hunter to put her youngest child to death, as she said the child had the spirit of the devil in it."

"I have received another equally important and authentic document on this subject, from Mr. Alexander Hunter, a very respectable man, formerly farmer of New Cample, but now of Penpont."

Penpont, 19th July, 1846.

"... About twelve years ago, when sinking the foundation of a sty in the ruins of one of the old Buchanite houses at New Cample, I turned up, with my spade, the skull of an infant nearly entire. The neighbours who saw it said many others had been raised near the same spot shortly before I came to live at New Cample; and at a subsequent period a great number of small bones were raised there."

"It may be here stated, that the crime of infanticide is vindicated under the general title of 'Concerning propagation of the human race.'—*Divine Dictionary*, page 14."

But "as the faith of her followers declined, Mrs. B. greatly increased the extravagance of her pretensions, and the rigour of her discipline. Any person suspected of having an intention of leaving the society was locked up, and every day ducked in cold water; but Mrs. Hunter, having been the first, of course escaped this penance, and, in spite of the preceding anathema, made her complaint, in a formal manner, to Sir James Kirkpatrick, one of the magistrates of the county of Dumfriess, who granted a warrant to bring Mr. Hunter and his children before a court at Brownhill, for the purpose of being examined on the points complained of by the petitioner."

Ultimately Mr. Hunter was apprehended on a warrant, and "escorted back to his native burgh; and was so strictly watched there afterwards by his friends, that no member of the Buchanite society was permitted to visit him, nor a letter from any of them to reach his hands. The success of Mrs. Hunter in recovering her husband and children from the Buchanites, not by charm, as people of yore were wont to recover their relations from the fairies, but by the force of law, induced Christian Clement, the mother of all the lunatics at New Cample, to follow a similar course."

No time was therefore to be lost in accomplishing a great coup, if not the finale.

"There was a small green hillock immediately behind Buchan Ha', on the summit of which the whole knot generally assembled a few minutes before sunset, where they sung with such united strength, that the deeply mixed melody of their voices was frequently heard at Closeburn Castle, a mile distant. The swarm then returned to the hive; but on the evening in question [preceding the apotheosis] they remained on the green knoll till midnight, and then moved off slowly towards Templand Hill, which they ascended before the break of day, holding there what they called a Love-meeting—a term since used by the Methodists and Moravians. According to the communication which I received from the Rev. D. Mundell, rector of Wallace Hall Academy, dated 29th August, 1839, they attempted to ascend in a body from Templand Hill at sunrise, which statement is further corroborated by another aged gentleman, Mr. James Hossack, then of Thornhill, and latterly of Castle Douglas. I mounted my horse, and left Thornhill about sunrise, and as I was passing the farm of Templand, I was very much surprised at the sound of many voices in full chorus suddenly reaching my ears. The melodious strain came from the top of Templand Hill; and the silence of the scene, with the loneliness of the place, gave the music such a wildly impressive and mysterious effect, that I alighted from my horse, and, having tied it to a tree, I ascended the hill to ascertain if those sweet strains were really warbled

from earthly lips, when, to my great surprise, I recognised several faces that I had seen at Buchan Ha', particularly that of Luckie Buchan herself. She was raised nearly her whole length above the crowd by whom she was surrounded, who stood with their faces towards the rising sun, and their arms extended upwards, as if about to clasp the great luminary as he rose above the horizon." On a sudden the music ceased, and being afraid I had been discovered by some of these enthusiasts, I hurried down the hill-side, mounted my horse, and rode on my way to Brownhill. On approaching that wayside inn, I was surprised to see the landlord and two strangers walking before the door at that early hour. After my horse was stabled, I went into the house with the host, and related to him my singular adventure on Templand Hill. Pointing to the persons still walking in front of the house, seemingly in great agitation, he said, "these men were also Buchanites; the one a farmer near Durham, and the other a tailor in Sunderland. They joined that sect only a few weeks ago, under the full assurance that they would, on their arrival at Buchan Ha', be wafted to heaven without tasting death. But it being required that they should fast for six weeks, to prepare them, like a horse in training, they broke down when little more than half through, and have remained here since, to witness the result with those who would not relinquish till they had fasted the forty days as required. The persons you saw on the hill-top were the persons who had performed that extraordinary feat. As soon as the time of the great fast had expired, Luckie led her faithful followers forth to the hill, to take them thence direct to heaven at sunrise this morning—if the strength or buoyancy of their faith be such as to lift their corporal density. These two are now anxiously waiting to learn the result of these extraordinary proceedings; but I have heard both of them frequently express strong doubts as to the truth of Mrs. Buchan's pretensions." A sentinel, who had been stationed for the purpose of bringing, with all possible speed, intelligence of the first upward or downward movement of the people on the hill to the anxious expectants, soon came running in breathless haste with the news, that Luckie and the whole band were on their way back to New Cample. We all hastened to see them retrace their steps to their wonted abode; and such a company of half-finished-looking creatures I never saw before. They were all deadly pale, and emaciated to the last degree; they seemed like living skeletons just eloped from the grave, or newly imported from Ezekiel's valley of dry bones (Book of the prophet Ezekiel, chap. xxxvii.), with the exception of Luckie herself. She was like one of those beauties who crowd the canvasses of painters with hillocks of rosy flesh. Her hair was unbound, and hung profusely over her back and shoulders. She was demure and melancholy, as were all her followers, evidently from the exposure of their reckless folly. But the fast of forty days could not have any effect upon the personal appearance of Mrs. Buchan. Unlike the ordinary mortals by whom she was surrounded—who abstained from food that they might thereby become pure inhabitants of the celestial kingdom

"This singular meeting is thus described by John M'Taggart:—'At long and length the glorious day arrived on which they were all to be taken to the regions above. Platforms were erected for them to wait on till the wonderful hour arrived, and Mrs. Buchan's platform was erected above all the others. The hair of each head was cut short, all but a tuft on the top, for the angels to catch by when drawing them up. The momentous hour came; every station for ascension was occupied; thus they expected every moment to be wafted into the land of bliss. A gust of wind came; but, instead of wafting them upwards, it capsize Mrs. Buchan, platform and all. After this unexpected downcome, her words had not so much weight with them. —*Gleanings in Europe*, London, 1824, p. 85. 'So full was Mr. White of the idea of his being carried aloft without tasting of death, that he dressed himself in his canonicals, put on his gloves, and walked about scanning the heavens. Crowds of country people were looking on, and expecting every minute upon the sound of the archangel's trumpet would break upon their ears.'—*Struthers' History of the Belief Church*, p. 200."

being a partaker of the Divine nature, she said the partook of earthly sustenance during the fast, as she did at other times, merely to prevent her tabernacle becoming too transparent for human eyes to behold, and took as her authority the following passages of Scripture: 'Then went up Moses into the ark with Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu . . . and they saw the God of Israel, and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness . . . The sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire on the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel.' Such, then, was the termination of the great event set forth in the *Divine Dictionary*, and so confidently expected by every member of the society to be just at hand. Andrew Jones accounts for the failure by observing that 'he was under the necessity of doing with us as Jesus did with his disciples, Peter, James, and John, when they would not be satisfied without a sight of his Father. He ascended with them to the top of the mount, and allowed them to be sensible of their unfitness to receive what they so much desired.' The same was it with us at Closeburn, at the conclusion of the fast.'

Disappointment heavenward produced disaffection on earth. Luckie and White were committed to jail, and tried by the Kirk Session for *crim. con.* They were banished from Dumfriesshire, but found a resting-place in Galloway; and continued to reside there till of all the lot, except a few who went to America with White, Andrew Jones and his lady-love Katie (not Jean) Gardner alone survived,* above eighty years of age, and leading an extraordinary life. For Andrew, after the vicissitudes of Mrs. Buchan's corpse, at first pretended to have miraculously disappeared, but secretly packed in feathers and buried by White and another partisan, obtained possession of the skeleton, and kept it to the last in a chest, to cherish with fanatical attachment.

'This little charnel-house being attached to the end of the dwelling-house, in which was the bed-chamber of Andrew Jones, and in which he generally sat when not engaged in out-door work, the bones in the cell were directly opposite the back of the bedroom fire, as was supposed for the purpose of keeping them dry; but twice every day in the year, with the greatest regularity, he heated a flannel cloth at his fire, and then pushed it with the poker

* Besides the other industrious habits of the whole body, the Buchanite women introduced into Galloway the two-wheeled spinning-wheel, in the use of which they were untried in the south of Scotland: they frequently spun yarn to the number of seven dozen cuts to the pound, for the neighbouring gentry. Larghill soon became the emporium of industry. In that remote situation they were visited by customers from many miles distant, as well as by persons beseeching medical aid, in the practice of which they were remarkably successful. Often, we are told, did the lancet of George Kidd, the diet drink or mixture prepared by Magdalen Gardner, remove distempers that had baffled the most skilful physicians. Mrs. Alexander, whom a young woman, 'remembers having accompanied a relative to Larghill, on a Sunday, to consult Magdalen Gardner as to the medical treatment of a young woman who had taken the falling sickness;—when, to her utter astonishment, finding as it was, she saw several women seated at their wheels, spinning lint into yarn, a wheelwright working at his lathe, and a man thrashing within the barn.' It is strange such a singular profanation of the Lord's day should have been tolerated in the centre of a Christian community, in defiance of the rules of the church of Scotland and of the act of James VI. cap. 70. The Buchanites were, however, obliging neighbours; for whatever kindness or favour they bestowed upon any person, it was always taken amidst its own thanks as well as thanks—dressed in clothes of their own manufacture, of a light green colour. They were all of small stature, so that had a stranger happened to meet any of them in their lonely farm, he would certainly have considered himself among the elfin race rather than among mortals. All their farm-instruments, barn and stable doors, barn-fenders, cow-stacks, and carts, were marked in large characters with the words, 'Moses's Property.' Year after year, however, they became more assimilated to the people by whom they were surrounded.

through a hole in the wall at the back of the grate, made for that purpose, whence the cloth fell into the rude coffin where the skeleton lay. He then went out at a back door in his bedroom, removed the former flannel, and carefully spread that newly heated over the skeleton. 'This,' my informant (who was for a long time his only personal attendant) says, 'he invariably performed, with as much privacy as if his life solely depended on the concealment of these bones.' The flannel last removed from the bones, he always bound round his head when going to bed at night, under the superstitious belief that it was a preventive from every ill by which mankind is afflicted. The enthusiastic old man spent a certain time daily beside the remains of his deceased mistress, evidently in the performance of some peculiar devotion. To these reveries he evidently alludes in his letter on the 17th February 1840, where he says—'I sleep every night in Friend Mother's house, and breakfast every morning with her family.' As the 29th March 1841 drew nigh, the expiry of the full time within which Mrs. Buchan declared she would return to the world, he spent much time beside the bones, in the language of Scripture, 'with his loins girded, and his lamp burning,' ready for that important crisis, when, in the twinkling of an eye, he should burst the bonds of mortality, and find himself in the presence of her whom he had so highly honoured and adored. Disappointment came, but it did not blast his hopes; for, in the peculiar tenets of his devotion, Andrew Innes seemingly stood alone in the world, uncountenanced even by his partner, Katherine Gardner. This woman, during the long period of fifty-eight years, in which she had resided in Galloway, was never known to have attended any place of worship. At Crocketford, she refrained from turning her spinning-wheel on the Sabbath-day; but whether she did so in obedience to the divine command, or only in compliance with the example set by her religious neighbours, was known only to herself.

But Mrs. Buchan, as we see, did not come back at the end of fifty years; and Katie died, and Andrew too discovered that he must go the way of all mortality.

Only four days before this event, the unaltered devotee sent for three of his friends, and gave them particular directions that the box containing the remains of Mrs. Buchan should be interred in the same grave as himself; and in order to have this accomplished with all possible privacy, he directed that his grave should be made on the day previous to his interment, and on the morning of his funeral, at cock-crowing, they were to remove the box containing the remains of Mrs. Buchan to the grave, and after depositing it there, to cover the rude coffin with a few shovels full of the bottom mould, and press it so as to give it the appearance of being the real bottom of the grave, for the purpose of effectually concealing from those who attended his funeral what had become of the remains of his Friend Mother. But the period had arrived when this secret could be no longer kept from the public. The three friends who had undertaken this duty, being convinced of this, thought it most prudent to conduct the funeral of Andrew and his mistress openly. They therefore permitted several of their friends to inspect the rudely-made coffin of Mrs. Buchan, and its contents, before removing it from the house for interment; one of whom favoured me, on the same day, with a letter, from which I make the following extract:—'The coffin, or packing-box, as it may with more propriety be called, as there has never been plane or paint on the wood, is nearly six feet long, and old Luckie's remains occupy nearly the whole length of it. The skin is dark brown, and is like parchment cemented to the bones.* There is black hair, two inches in length,

* It was the intense heat of the peat-fire on the hearth-flag of the kitchen of the farm-house of Auchengibbert, under which the remains of Mrs. Buchan were deposited from April 1791 to July of the subsequent year, that scorched her skin, and gave it thus the consistency of parchment.'

on the hinder part of the skull, and there are two teeth in the mouth; the arms and hands of the skeleton are entire, but the nose, eyes, and feet, are gone. It is laid on straw, with a piece of an old blanket spread across the chest.' In compliance with Andrew's special directions, the coffin was laid in the grave along with his own in the kail-yard, on the left flank of the line of the graves of his former associates, and not more than two feet from the back wall of his former bedroom. The villagers crowded to the place of interment, to witness this unique spectacle. As the coffins were lowered into the grave, an expression of melancholy, contempt, or disgust, was seen in every countenance; but a sigh was not heard, nor a tear shed, over the last resting-place of the infatuated Andrew. Such was the rise, progress, decline, and extinction, of this little knot of enthusiasts.'

The History of France in Rhyme, &c. By Harriet Willoughby. Pp. 248. London, G. Bell, J. Cundall.

THERE is always something consolatory to see Age forgetful of self, looking back to far gone years, and for the sake of what will be when it is no more, endeavouring to assist Youth, which will then have the world's war to struggle with, and have forgotten the kindness and the kindly instructor. A splendid list of aristocratic subscribers to this volume awoke our curiosity as to the writer who could attain such patronage; and under the *soubriquet* of Harriet Willoughby, we discovered the only daughter of the celebrated Charles James Fox.

Tales of Female Heroism. Pp. 210. *Victorious and Stories of the Crusades.* Pp. circ. 360. James Burns. Two interesting volumes, and very neatly 'got up' for youthful deservings during the approaching holidays. To the meritorious young lady, what more gratifying in juvenile literature could be given than the stories of so many noble examples in her sex, as have been set in bygone times by such heroines as Mrs. Jane Lane, Lady Fanshawe, Lady Grisell Baillie, Flora Macdonald, the Countess of Nithsdale, Mad. La Roche-Jaquelin, and others in public or humbler life, who have adorned the female character by their virtues? It is reading to improve the heart as well as the head. And, again, the two tales of the Crusades, in the latter volume—*1st, De Hellingley, and 2d, St. Louis*—are full of historic details and descriptions of the habits of a distant age, for the edification of boyhood; besides having all the stimulus of romantic adventure, appropriate woodcuts, pretty old-fashioned binding, and good style throughout, are further recommendations of these nice volumes.

Bohn's Standard Library: Schiller's Works. THE second volume, containing the conclusion of *the Revolt of the Netherlands*, translated by another hand, and not so literally as the first portion. *The Camp of Wallenstein* and *The Piccolomini*, &c. are also here; and it is altogether a publication to do credit to this cheap series of really deserving literature.

Christmas in the Olden Time; or, the Wassail Ball. By John Mills. Pp. 141. London, H. Hurst.

PRETTYLY done in the holiday fashion. There is a good account of Christmas festivities, which prefaces a tale intending to be moral, but not particularly well constructed; between the supernatural and allegorical (and, as it would seem, at last, the real). The little summary of old sports at the end is the best part.

Theodore, his Brother and Sisters; or, a Summer at Seymour Hall. Edited by the Rev. William Nevins, Rector of Morningside, Lincolnshire. Pp. 254. London, T. B. Sharpe.

A very nice story for young people, and one which we are sure will be a favourite with them, though it has one too common fault; that of making the hero (eight years old) and two others younger than himself, talk like men and women rather than like little boys and girls.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 26th.—The Marquis of Northampton in the chair. The list of the proposed Council for the ensuing year to be balloted for on Monday next was read by the president. It included the following five Fellows, who were elected Auditors: Sir H. de la Beche, Dr. Paris, and Messrs. Brande, E. Forbes, and Cooper. Mr. Secretary Christie submitted a paper by Mr. Brooke, "On the photographic registry of magnetic and meteorological instruments," with a supplemental record of continuous and remarkable observations during the past summer. He also submitted a supplement to Mr. Grove's paper "On the decomposition of water into its constituent gases by heat," the substance of which, embodied with the leading points of his discovery, was given and illustrated by Mr. Grove himself, who was called upon from the chair to deliver the "Bakerian lecture."

We need not follow Mr. Grove in all the details of his discovery, so clearly expounded to the Society. We have already (*Literary Gazette*, No. 1547) described the singular fact which led him to anticipate the decomposition of water by heat, and stated the result. We shall confine our brief report to the new points brought forward; and first, as announced in *Literary Gazette*, No. 1555, iridium and osmium, like platinum, heated to nearly the point of fusion, reduce watery vapour to its constituent gases; though not so efficiently as platinum, because they are not so dense or unalterable as the latter metal. Silica too, similarly treated, produces the same effect, but not so continuously; itself undergoing change by prolonged or renewed heat.

Having thus, and by various modes, satisfied himself that water was decomposed into its constituent gases by heat, Mr. Grove submitted other liquids, in similar apparatus, to the operation of intense heat. Bromine, an elementary, and chloride of iodine, a compound liquid, afforded the most marked results. From both were evolved bubbles of pure oxygen; and this led him to hope that the bromine would be resolved, and that the chloride would be reduced to new constituents. But after a short evolution of oxygen—whether from the liquids themselves, or whether from any water retained (every endeavour to render them anhydrous having been made), Mr. Grove would not take upon himself to state—both liquids attacked the glass and the platinum, putting a stop to farther experiment. Oxygen being given out by such liquids, however, is a curious fact, and worthy pursuit.

In conclusion, Mr. Grove referred to the objection which has been made to his experiment, it having been considered an effect of catalysis, and not of heat. Whatever be the theory adopted, the new facts remain the same; but with regard to catalytic action as the cause of the decomposition of the water, one circumstance has been overlooked. Catalysis is only known as an aid to, and not as a force to destroy chemical affinity. In Mr. Grove's discovery a powerful chemical affinity is overcome: one force is mastered by a greater, and this latter force he considers to be heat. This force moreover, as with electricity, we cannot employ without the assistance of matter. It is electrical force, and not the platinum or gold, that separates the gases in the voltaic battery; so it is calorific force, and not the platinum, iridium, or osmium, that decomposes water in Mr. Grove's important discovery. Thanks were voted to Mr. Grove, and the meeting was adjourned. The actual experiment was exhibited in the library.

In the revival of the Bakerian lecture we heartily rejoice. A return to the annual oration or discourse on any novel or striking discovery, or feature of the past year, either in experimental or natural philosophy, cannot but increase the practical value of our time-honoured Royal Society. Besides, the restoration of this compliance with the intentions of the donor of the Bakerian fund is a good step gained in the right direction—a proof

that there is at length an awakening from an enervating if not a destructive lethargy,—and an earnest of future activity and zeal. It is the wedge of promise that the Royal Society of London will regain the high position it should hold in the progress of Science, and reproduce in the minds of scientific men the esteem and veneration to which its incomparable records and brilliant annals entitle it.

At the anniversary on Monday, as we glean from various sources, will be farther developed the beneficial labours of the Council. One of the principal points to be brought forward, either substantively or for future consideration, we hear, is the restricting the election of Fellows in any single year to fifteen; the meaning of which would appear to be, an election on merits; that F.R.S. as it should, will be a reward of scientific attainments, and not itself an attainment by interest, connexion, or chance. But to render this effective, it behoves a continued exertion in the good cause. It is not the mere passing of a resolution, or the adoption of a rule, that effects amendment; it is a constant observance of the spirit and the letter of the new regulation. And unless the guardians of what we conceive to be the intention of the restriction be legion, in the present anomalous state of the Society, the trammels of usage will set aside or render nought the anticipated beneficial measure. It is not in human nature at once, however urged, to break through long-practised inveterate habits. And this leads us to the thought, that whatever shape or form the new measures are expected to take, they will break down, unless for their working the machinery be also renewed. Notwithstanding the untoward events of the past year, notwithstanding the unwearied exertions of the regenerators of the Society, and in contradiction to the hope of consequent improvement in official routine, the intentions of a committee have been recently frustrated by negligence, or rather possibly by an adherence to the loose practice of years. The result, however, fortunately will be attended with no questionable consequences; so let it pass.

In conclusion, we express our gratification that the Copley medal will, on Monday next, be awarded to M. Le Verrier, and our belief that Professor Owen and Faraday (see our last) will be presented with the Royal medals.

XYLOIDINE AND "PYROXYLINE."

M. PELOUZE has found out that the xyloidine of Braconnot is not identical with the substances treated by him and others with concentrated nitric acid; that solubility in ether, the discovery of MM. Flores de Monte and Menard, is a characteristic of xyloidine only, and not of cotton or paper impregnated with nitric acid, and therefore not a criterion of good make for gun-cotton, &c. He proposes, for these latter materials, where the cellular structure is not dissolved, the name of *Pyroxyline*; retaining xyloidine to designate the nitric solution of starch and ligneous substances.

The differences between these two products are thus stated: xyloidine is very soluble in nitric acid, becoming completely dissolved in a day or two; pyroxyline does not dissolve even in a great excess of nitric acid; it will remain in it many days without losing its weight. Xyloidine, although very inflammable, and detonating by a blow, when heated in an open vessel (*coram*), leaves a considerable residue of carbon. Pyroxyline behaves very differently: heated to 175° or 180°, it fulminates with violence, and its distillation in an open vessel is impossible. Xyloidine may be analysed, like other organic matters, with oxide of copper, the only precaution necessary being to increase the proportion of the oxide. Pyroxyline, under similar circumstances, breaks the tubes, and even when quantities a hundred times less are employed. Five milligrammes of pyroxyline, heated in a tube full of mercury, produced a violent detonation; whilst much greater quantities of xyloidine may be decomposed without danger. One hundred parts of

dry starch, dissolved in concentrated nitric acid, and precipitated by water, yields from 128 to 138 parts of xyloidine; 100 parts of cellulose (cotton, paper, sawdust, &c.), either after a few minutes or after several days' contact with nitric acid, yields from 168 to 178 parts of dry pyroxyline.

It is probable, M. Pelouze thinks, that xyloidine and pyroxyline contain one and the same substance, the properties of which may be more or less affected by the presence of some foreign matter hitherto not detected.

DOUBLE REFRACTION.

Two chemical products, sugar of secula and chloride of soda, studied in relation to light, by M. Mitscherlich, confirm the law of Dufay—that crystals of the regular system do not exercise double refraction. The former crystals, with facets mutually inclined at fixed angles, do not belong to the regular system, and they possess the property of double refraction. In the latter, chlorate of soda, the form of which classes them in the regular system, M. Mitscherlich, examining their action on polarised light, observed effects of lamellar polarisation, like or analogous to those with alum and many other bodies in the same system of forms. These phenomena of polarisation are produced in the planes of cleavage, and have no relation to reciprocal axes in parallel directions, as occur in crystallised bodies endowed with molecular double refraction. The chlorate of soda is a new example of that class of bodies which appeared to contradict the law of Dufay.

PROTOCOCCUS "ATLANTICUS."

A NEW species of seaweed, discovered and named by M. Montaigne. It is one of the smallest of the genus *protococcus*, measuring only from 1-300th to 1-200th of a millimetre in diameter; so that to cover the space of a square millimetre, 40,000 individuals, placed side by side, would scarcely suffice. And yet to this alga, the colouring of the sea for about eight square kilometres, observed off the coast of Portugal by MM. Turrel and de Freycinet, is attributed. The characteristics of the *Protococcus atlanticus* are:—P. minimus, natans, marinus, gregarius, rubricoccus vel sanguineus, cellulæ simplicibus sphaericis nucleis rubro fractis, 1-300 ad 1-200 millimetri diametro æquantibus.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, Nov. 19th.—The Rev. C. Wordsworth, D.D., of Trinity College, the Rev. M. Amphlett, M.A., of St. Peter's College, and the Rev. J. A. Baxter, M.A., of St. John's College, all of Cambridge, were admitted *ex eundem*; and the following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor in Civil Law.—The Rev. J. A. Hessey, fellow of St. John's College, head master of Merchant Taylors' School, by commutation.
Masters of Arts.—C. J. Parke, Oriel College; Rev. A.P. Forbes, Brasenose College; Rev. E. T. Watson, Worcester College; Rev. W. Dalton, Pembroke College, incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. R. P. Bastard, Balliol College, Grand Compounder; H. O. Butler, Queen's College; J. W. R. Roy, J. R. Heawood, All Souls' College; S. T. H. Jerrold, scholar, J. H. Wedhouse, F. E. Tukey, J. W. Parke, C. W. Goode, Brasenose College; W. T. Browning, Exeter College; H. R. Wadman, H. S. Polehampton, Pembroke College; E. Eade, Balliol College; A. King, Oriel College.

THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Nov. 26th.—Mr. Hamilton, V.P., in the chair. Mr. W. D. Bruce exhibited a charter and seal of Margaret de Ros, sister and co-heiress of Peter de Brus, lord of Skelton, in Yorkshire, dated 1281, relating to lands near Kendall in Westmorland, through which heiress, Margaret, the family of de Ros became possessed of that barony.
Mr. W. Hawkins presented to the society a specimen of the leaden sling-bullet of the ancient Greeks. It was found lodged in the cyclopien walls of Sané in Cephalonia, and is inscribed with the characters $\Phi\text{A}\text{I}\text{N}\text{Q}$ or $\Phi\text{A}\text{I}\text{N}\text{E}$. The presentation was accompanied by an elaborate paper, in which the author traced the use of the sling through most of the nations of antiquity, described

the various kinds of slings and sling-missiles, and illustrated his subject by frequent reference to classical authors. He then described the various kinds of leaden pellets which, towards the close of the fifth century before Christ, began to supersede the still more ancient sling-stones. In shape they resembled the acorn, olive, and almond, and were usually ornamented with a device, such as a thunder-bolt, a star, or an arrow-head; or with characters, as the word on the specimen exhibited; ΔΕΞΑΙ (take this), ΑΦΙ or ΑΦΕΙ (hurl me against); or with the names of generals, as ΚΑΕΟΝΙΚΟΤ (Cleonicus's), and the names of Philip and Perdiccas. Sling-bullets, with Roman inscriptions, Mr. Hawkins remarked, were far more scarce. Among their devices are PERI (strike), ITAL. ET GAL. (the Italian and the Gauls). Some, referred to by Captain Smyth in his *Sicily and its Islands*, are inscribed with imprecations. The chairman, in moving a vote of thanks for the paper, complimented the author upon the full and satisfactory manner in which he had treated the subject of his inquiry.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Meeting of Council.—Seven associates were elected. Among the papers received during the week were: 1. From Mr. T. Morgan, on the subject of a paper recently published by the association, entitled "On certain mythic personages," &c. 2. From Mr. Pretty on the discovery of a pair of silver armlets with *dentarii* and large brass coins, &c. in Northamptonshire. 3. From the Rev. E. G. Walford on a Roman urn and coins found near Chipping Warden. 4. On some coining irons or dies temp. Jac. I., found in the North Riding of Yorkshire; by Mr. E. J. Powell. 5. On recent discoveries of Roman sepulchral remains near Archer's Lowe, adjoining Sandwich, and Saxon weapons, &c. at Osengal; by Mr. Rolfe. Communications were also received from Messrs. Bell, of Gateshead; Vint, and Keats, which, together with an exhibition of finely preserved bronze Roman weapons, &c. from the Thames, near Vauxhall, by Mr. A. Kirkmann, were ordered to be brought forward at the next public meeting. It was announced that a party of the members of the association had visited, among other city antiquities, the remains preserved in the City Stone-yard; and that in consequence, the beautiful fragments of sculpture representing the *Dea Mater*, discovered some years since in Lime Street, would be removed to a place of safety in the Guildhall.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

Nov. 26th.—Prof. Wilson, V.P., in the chair. Three members were elected, and the following papers read:—1. "On inscriptions illustrating the coins of Vabalathus," by Sir G. Wilkinson. The inscription is upon a broken column at a bridge over a rivulet called Nahr el Feddar, near Gebayl, on the coast of Syria. The upper part is lost, and the last letters of some lines are defaced. The remaining portion, Sir G. Wilkinson states, shews that it was a dedication to one of the Roman emperors, either Claudius or Aurelian, and to Zenobia the mother of Vabalathus, the son of Athenodorus, which last name is important, as shewing that Vabalathus was not, as usually supposed, the son of Odenathus and Zenobia; but of her first husband. Another point of importance is, the explanation it gives to the hitherto uninterpreted letters on the coins of Vabalathus. 2. "On the Anglo-Saxon stycas discovered at York in 1842," by Mr. J. D. Cuff. This paper comprised a detailed account of the 2290 stycas sent by Mr. Hargrave of York to the British Archaeological Association at the Gloucester congress, with observations on some peculiar types; suggestive probably the author thought, of a new appropriation in some cases. The reading was followed by a discussion in which Messrs. Akerman, Christmas, and Berge took part. Mr. Akerman observed that M. Lenoir had just published in the *Revue Numismatique* an in-

teresting memoir on the medals of the family of Odenathus; in which he cites one of Zenobia with the reverse, as it would appear, of Athenodorus.

3. "On the short-cross pennies of Henry III.; attributed of late by some to Henry II." by Major W. Y. Moore. The paper was suggested by some remarks made by Mr. Haigh, and published in Mr. Sainthill's *Olla Podrida*. A discussion followed, but no positive opinion was expressed on the theory put forth by Major Moore.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.; Royal Society (anniversary meeting), 4 P.M.; Botanical (anniversary meeting), 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Zoological, 3 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Botanical, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE WELLINGTON GROUP.

WE fancy it is still a question whether the Wellington group is to be taken down or remain where it is. Its removal could not be agreeable to the illustrious hero in whose honour it has been elevated; and it seems to have occurred (where the feeling is of weight and consequence) that after allowing such a work to have been subscribed for and executed, the labour of six or eight years, it was rather late in the day to interfere with the design within a few weeks of its erection (on the site originally projected and granted by two crowned heads), or pay the slightest regard to silly or envious clamour, the noisy scum of ribald jests, or the warped opinions of captious critics. In the midst of this foolish clatter and turmoil it seems strange, and could have happened in no country but England, that the production of the greatest work in bronze (we care not whether lauded or found fault with as a work of art) that was ever cast, should not have called forth one encomium, were it only for the vastness of the enterprise, and the beauty with which it had been extricated from the mould. Why, the wide universe can shew nothing to compare with it; and magnitude alone has ever been acknowledged to be an element of the sublime. France or Germany would have rung with exultation over any similar national triumph; but we, oh, we are nice folks for desecrating blemishes, and revelling on real or imagined faults! We care not for the success of an unparalleled performance with a stubborn as imperishable metal; a fold in a cloak to betaylor, or a hair in a horse's tail to split,—these are the boasted exploits of English taste, and of encouragement in regard to colossal undertakings. A page of our contemporary *Punch*, last week, was given to a travesty of the supposed ideas of six or eight Royal Academicians for the treatment of the subject, and certainly one of the happiest of the droll and humorous hits we have seen among its exposures of the ridiculous; but we question whether that publication (devoted to the pulling down system in all things), or any of the other periodical, satirical, and owl-like miscreants, who would be thought to write gravely and authoritatively about the matter, would abuse the most absurd of these caricatures as grossly and mercilessly as they have vilified this statue. One might suppose that it had really committed some offence as enormous as its bulk, and injured the peace and fortunes of these miserable cavillers, so as to excite their utmost rancour. Alas, poor Statue! The judgment of the Royal Academicians (invited as a screen or excuse for official acts) has had no more influence than it deserved with the public; and the still more funny condemnation of the design by the Royal Institute of British Architects is justly considered as not worth so much. When any public body (however "competent," or holding themselves to be so,) could condescend to overlook the slight of not having their opinion asked, and apply to the Government (instead of the Government

applying to them) to have that distinction conferred upon them (which little secret intrigue the too candid V. P. let out at the meeting on the 16th), nothing indeed need be said of their volunteer guidance of the thankless public. It is, however, another voice; *vox et præterea nihil*.

ARTISTS' AMICABLE FUND.

YESTERDAY week the anniversary of this Association was observed at the Thatched House Tavern, Mr. Willmore in the chair, and a company of about ninety or a hundred in number assembled. As the public does not hear so much of this Society, though it has been established some fourteen years, as of its compeers, "The Artists," and "The Artists' General Benevolent" Funds, we may state that many of its members are also members of the others; but that it has been formed especially with the view of admitting a wider class of individuals engaged in the arts than were embraced within the plans of either of them. Thus, in the party on Friday week, were many wood-engravers, and illustrators and decorators of publications; some of them of much popular professional eminence, and others as yet only rising in life, or less known to the world by name or reputation. Their constitution, and the benefit which had ensued from mutual co-operation and adherence to the principle of laying up something against the evil day, when enabled to do so, were eloquently described by Mr. Wagstaff, on "Prosperity" to the cause being toasted; and from what we farther learned in the room, we may assert, that no institution of the kind can be better managed; has produced greater or more certain advantages to all concerned; affords a better example of the successful working out of the true doctrine, "Heaven will help those who help themselves," or has laid more strongly the foundations of permanent utility. Those for and by whom it is supported are as liable to fluctuations in health and employment as any rank within the bills of mortality; and their providence, when in their power to contribute to the fund, is recompensed by a provision, moderate, but sufficient to avert the ills of poverty,—as much as 30s. per week during sickness, when such distress may overtake them. There is also a liberal medical staff attached to the Association, whose skill and gratuitous services are of infinite value to those who stand in need of their assistance. In the course of an evening spent in a very social and convivial manner, the Chairman, Mr. B. B. Cabell, Mr. W. Finden, Dr. Stewart, Mr. Mason, Mr. Wright (secretary to the Old Water-Colour Society), and others, addressed the meeting in proposing various healths; and the mirth and good humour was kept up with high effect (without the aid of professional music) by serious and burlesque recitations, songs, ventriloquism, &c. &c. from among the members themselves, who seemed to be perfectly *au fait* at such means for making the symposium of a night agreeable.

Continental Scenery; comprising Views in Germany, Switzerland, Northern Italy, on the Stelvio Pass in the Tyrol. Part I. By John Round, jun. Esq. London, Dickinson and Co.

WE have not seen a more captivating work of this kind. It is a pleasing collection of subjects, and executed in a style worthy of them. The Tuileries Palace, Waterloo, Baden Baden, the first three, are fair samples of the variety; and then comes Switzerland, with its glaciers and the Wettershorn Peak, and seven sweetly tinted pieces on the Stelvio Pass. These are very picturesque examples of mountain scenery. The Lake of Como and Venice conclude the Part; which, for an elegant and interesting production for a drawing-room table, we can cordially recommend.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

DENMARK.

Copenhagen, 12th Nov. 1846. The celebrated Danish dramatist and poet Oehlenschläger has written a new tragedy, which is

to be performed here on the 14th for the first time. It is called *Amleth*, from the Danish history of Amleth—the Hamlet of Shakspeare. He has placed the last letter first, perhaps because he would not alter the pronunciation, as it is the same in both languages. Ochleschlager has stepped on dangerous ground; we shall see how he acquits himself, and write to you after witnessing the performance.

FRANCE.

Paris, November 24th, 1846.
La Fidanziata Corsa (not *Corsica*, as a misprint led me to write erroneously) is one of those sturdy old lyrical melodramas which Il Signor Cammarano knows so well how to adapt to the music of contemporaneous *maestri*. Two Corsican labourers have sworn to terminate, by the marriage of their children, one of those terrible *vendettas* which for a century authorise two families to exterminate each other by all possible means. But when comes the time for celebrating the projected nuptials, it turns out that the *fidanzata** is in love with a Genoese *proveditore*, who is willing to marry her notwithstanding the difference of rank and international enmity. Like a bold-hearted young lady, she proposes to her lover that he should run away with her, and take her to some Gretna Green of the Italian shores. But the brother of *Rosa* detects the secret of his sister; and after having bestowed a fearful sword-lounge on her gallant *proveditore*, he comes in his place to the appointed rendezvous. Surprised and furious, the *fidanzata* utters dismal cries; her relations and those of the bridegroom hasten to the spot, and in their presence, in total disregard of all prudential measures, she declares that the *proveditore* had secretly become her husband. From this it follows, that she is made a widow, even by the hand of her brother. Here we have the father's malediction, and the clamorous ire of the bridegroom's relations. War will be renewed between the two families, and, meanwhile, till hostilities are begun, we have a very proper *spiale*. Between the two acts, however, a truce is agreed. It is decided that *Rosa* shall be brought to judgment before the united members of both families. The trial is begun under the presidency of the bridegroom's father; who, after having collected the suffrages, declares that the penalty of death is awarded to her. But the relations of *Rosa*, and especially her brother, first cause of all the evil, will not subscribe to such implacable vengeance; daggers are drawn, carbines are aimed, and battle is on the eve of raging anew between the two families, when a troop of soldiers penetrate into the cavern where these evil deeds are perpetrated. These are Genoese soldiers, commanded by the *proveditore*, miraculously saved from the effects of his mortal wound. After having disarmed both parties, he begs the father of *Rosa* will sanction the secret marriage which had been alluded to. The fierce Corsican will not either accede to this demand made by a Genoese, nor yet deny a consent which evidently will be dispensed with if he refuses. He evades the question, like a clever fellow, in this fine line:

Morta è costei per me; se vuoi, la prendi.

She is dead to me; take her if thou wilt.

Rosa, then, overjoyed at again seeing her husband, launches forth in melodious transports, and sings her happiness in cadences without end; it seems as if all were brought to a happy conclusion; but alas, these are but the last notes of the swan. *Il fidanzato*, a wicked wight, who sings false into the bargain, has mysteriously absconded behind an angle of the rock; and no sooner has the last *fortitara* sounded through the air like a flash of brilliant notes, than the traitor sends a bullet through the heart of the unfortunate *Rosa*, who falls dead.

This libretto is well composed, and required merely music with enough of energy and originality for the strength of the situations. But M.

* *Fidanzata*—bride.

Pacini is not a serious composer. He possesses neither the science requisite for grand effects nor the intelligence of grand passions. His style is graceful, full of gentleness and elegance. When he attempts to force it, give it growth, and what is termed "character," he generally degenerates into vulgar, although violent combinations—into noise, into wild clamor, with some commonplace rhythm. And yet M. Pacini has written a masterpiece; it is this cavatina of *Niobe*, "*De' miei frequenti palpiti*," known to all amateurs, and which the most celebrated composers would not disavow. But this is a case to which the Spanish dictum may be applied: "He was brave—on such a day;" and in which to deplore this versatility of genius, quite as remarkable as the versatility of courage.

Mdme. Persiani (*la fidanzata*), and M. Mario (the *proveditore*), sang to perfection this semi-music. M. Coletti gave very correctly, and occasionally with much elegance, but also sometimes with much coldness, the part of the bride's father, a part written originally for him. This is all that can be said of this opera, which you will doubtless hear in London, when our Italian nightingales cross the Channel.

Our Academy of the Fine Arts will shortly proceed to the election of a member, to fill the place of a landscape painter recently dead. The preliminary lists lead us to anticipate that M. Brascassat will be named. Every body will applaud this selection, justified by the marvellous talent of our best painter of animals. He is, besides, a man who, by his modesty, his artistical integrity, and his personal merit, ranks high in public estimation. He is also one of those men who may best be judged by the fate of their productions. Whilst most painters notice a daily decrease in the original price of their paintings, those of Brascassat sell, year after year, at higher prices. Foreign connoisseurs are eager for their possession, and Brascassat has work chalked out, by express command, for years to come. I am acquainted with an amateur who, having made a timely guess as to the future prospects of this eminent artist, and having engaged Brascassat to work for him at a time when public opinion had not yet placed him in the high rank he now occupies, has now in his possession a certain number of paintings, for which he paid at the rate of about 12 or 15000*fr.* each, and which he could sell to-day, if he chose, for five or six times that sum.

Whilst I am speaking of the Academy of the Fine Arts, I cannot omit to mention the very timid and reserved manifesto with which it has thought proper to resist a growing mania amongst our architects, which menaces our country with a Neo-Gothic invasion. Greece and Rome, Vitruvius, Alberti, Vignola, Palladio, Scamozzi, are threatened with proscription. Our architects of the day undertake violently to bring us back to the art of the middle ages; which they solemnly declare to be the sole art possible, rational, and national,—in fact, the sole art worthy of the nineteenth century.

Restored by the caprice of some writers, whose dubious talent is ever at the service of the most paradoxical ideas, Gothic architecture, or the *Ecole Ogivale*, as it is now called, after having reconquered its legitimate rank,—formerly, in truth, it was held too much in contempt,—now threatens to invade every thing. The restoration of the ancient monuments of this once contemned art absorbs considerable sums. 5000,000*fr.* (200,000*l.*) were devoted to the repairs of the church of St. Denis, which, after these repairs, well nigh tumbled to the earth. Five other millions will barely suffice for the Sainte Chapelle (at the Palais de Justice), and St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Ten millions (400,000*l.*) are voted for Notre-Dame de Paris. Two millions more to continue and finish the western front of St. Ouen. Ten times as much will be required for the transepts, the nave, and grand portal of St. Pierre de Beauvais. In short, it is impossible to foresee where these foolish prodigalities will stop, all of which are a source of pro-

fit to an art which is not in keeping either with our ideas, our tastes, or our institutions; and which, emerged from a social state differing from ours, from creeds which grow weaker and weaker every day, has sought in its favour beyond the capricious sympathies of a few dilettanti, and is foisted upon the Chambers, and consequently upon the country, for the greater advantage of the artists enlisted under this new banner.

Let me revert to music—from which we have strayed, allured away by painting and architecture—to tell you that a comic opera, in three acts (*Gibby, la Cornemuse*), has been much applauded at the Théâtre Favart. The subject is borrowed from the history of England; and no less is on the tapis than the Catesby Conspiracy, foisted by a poor Scotch piper, who marries, in recompense of his service, the daughter of Pattison the tavern-keeper. But previous to this marriage, what adventures! what hazards! what marvellous encounters! A detail of them would be too lengthy; and I will rest content with noticing the music of M. Clapisson, as the principal cause of the success. M. Clapisson is one of the composers who can best aspire to succeed, in a future generation, to our Adam, our Auber, our Halevy.

During his tour in Germany, M. Berlioz has composed a four-act opera. This opera is not destined for the stage, but for closet perusal; it is, therefore, called *opera-légende*. The subject is the "Damnation of Faust." We shall hear this singular work on Sunday, November 29, at half-past one o'clock, in the playhouse of the Opéra Comique. It will be sung, not acted, by some artists of that theatre; and the orchestra (200 musicians—no less) will be conducted by M. Berlioz himself,—who persists, you see, in his fantastical vocation.

The Bey Achmet arrived at Toulon on the 8th, was detained in the Lazaretto till the 12th, left for Paris on the 14th, and, lastly, joined us yesterday. He occupies the apartments recently tenanted by Ibrahim Pasha in the Palace of the Elysee Bourbon, and has already been received by the king. We have also Mr. C. Dickens, whose arrival has been noticed by the whole press, just as if he were a Bey or a Pasha. No less, however, could be done for a countryman of Lord Normanby, who, by his visits to Count Molé, and by his absence from the Tuileries, served, a whole fortnight, as a political barometer for our political journals. Now, however, these said journals have got Cracov and M. de Metternich obtains the share of importance formerly attached to your ambassador.

GERMANY.

The poet Freiligrath, to whom allusion was lately made in the *Literary Gazette* (page 545), has just published a volume of translations from the English poets. Mrs. Hemans, whom we have always found a great favourite in Germany, and whose portrait faces the title-page of this collection, has contributed no small number of poems. From the works of Miss Landon, Southey, Tennyson, Elzevier, Eliot, Barry Cornwall, Longfellow, and others, characteristic selections have been made; and the excellence of Freiligrath's earlier translations would be for us sufficient guarantee for the successful performance of what he has here undertaken, even had we not seen the work itself. Tennyson's *Gudie* pleases us particularly; it is rendered, as, indeed, all the pieces are, with perfect ease; there is a choice of expression throughout, and a flowing sweetness in the versification, which are very delightful. Thus it is when the poet becomes translator. Freiligrath is in England; and we honour him for not allowing affected "Young Germany" notions of what is or is not consistent with "the poet's calling," to prevent his entering a situation where he may gain his livelihood in an honourable manner. That the foreign correspondence of a city merchant can have few charms for him we well can feel; the employment he has undertaken cannot be a very

congenial one to him, the man of imagination; but its not being so is the very circumstance that, in our eyes, makes the acceptance of it so very creditable to him. The King of Prussia gave him, unasked, a pension of 800 thalers a year; but this Freiligrath, with, perhaps, an excessive delicacy, laid at the king's feet after the publication of his political poems; deeming it was incompatible with his sense of honour to receive a benefit from him with whom he was thus openly at variance. His Majesty, we are glad to say it, wished the pension to continue, as this expression of political feelings diminished in no way his sense of Freiligrath's desert. We trust he has found kind friends among your countrymen; and with all our heart we wish him, in the words of the German miners, "Glück auf!"

This, it seems, is the age of discoveries. For our own parts, we expect soon to see the projects of the learned professors mentioned in *Gulliver's Travels* all realised. The seemingly unattainable has been accomplished. We have laid hold of, we have arrested, the shadow, and held it fast to the spot on which it fell. We shall soon be at loss to know what objects to choose as symbolical of the impossible. The bottling of warm summer breezes for winter use is hardly a stranger attempt than the endeavour to bring down the lightning from the clouds, and lead it down your dwelling or into your sitting-room. Nor is the book-making machine a more improbable affair than the calculating machine of Mr. Babbage, which, as every one knows, did do its sums most accurately. What next? Why, we think, *cast-marble statues* will not come amiss after such marvels. And accordingly we announce that at Berlin, and in the newly erected factory at Charlottenburg, cast-marble statues may be seen by any one who chooses to go there; and the said statues resemble, both in transparency and hardness, those made of the finest Carrara marble. They are cast in the same way as figures of plaster; and the cost is not more than 1 thaler (2s. 6d.) per cubic foot. MM. Moser and Krieger are the inventors. But we have not done yet. In the same factory may be seen figures the size of life, of a reddish-grey material, harder than sandstone, and closer-grained, made—we are in earnest, in sober earnest, wondering reader—out of the *asphelt of the roads*! Four figures of soldiers—a life-guardman, a hussar, a cuirassier, and an artilleryman—made of this composition, are at the Berlin Exhibition: they will be placed before the newly erected war-office. M. March, the inventor, has during a long time employed this material in making vases after the antique, small statues, and ornamental mouldings.

A new drama by Lütke, entitled *Karlsschüler*, was performed at Munich on the 10th inst., the anniversary of Schiller's birth-day, for the first time. The circumstances attending Schiller's flight from school are, of course, introduced, and they are moreover treated with much dramatic taste. The piece was well received; and at that part when the letter of Dalberg is read, which ends with a "Long live Schiller," the house broke out into a loud cheer in memory of the poet.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE BALLET AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. That the *Literary Gazette* has never indulged in raptures about the performances of Ballet, may seem to indicate a want of taste for living grace, liberty of movement, and an extraordinary display of muscular development. Perhaps we have not spoken so warmly as we might have done of these exhibitions, inasmuch as they frequently embody expression and feeling in a manner almost to redeem their common sensuality and grossness. Let

There are book-factories enough in London; but as by the machinery there employed we know but little. We suspect, however, high-pressure engines are generally used for such work, if we may judge by the enormous puff of smoke generally sent forth by the said factories; for, unfortunately, the law has not yet been put in practice to oblige the proprietors to consume their own smoke.

it be observed, that every attempt, in this way especially, at the refined and touching, if it fall short of the aim, becomes prurient; and that in far the greater number of instances there is no thought of purity at all to qualify the nude revelations of posture, but a studied attitudinising of an opposite nature, to gratify degrading passions by indecent exposure of limbs, accompanied by corresponding license of look. Such considerations have led this Journal to praise but sparingly that branch of professional talent which has been growing up on the decline of the drama, till, like Aaron's serpent, it has nearly swallowed up the rest. To read the organs of popular opinion of the day, one might believe that the *début* of a new Natch-girl created quite a public furor; and that the advent of a high tragedian, gifted with all the attributes needed for that lofty and intellectual walk, is nothing to compare with the first bound upon the stage and whirl of a flexible creature not over-covered with gauze or lighter drapery. With regard to music, we do not carry out the contrast; for though this exquisite art and science (demanding the possession of such rare human endowments) is, in its integrity, as far above figure-making as Tragedy herself in her exalted stole, we so seldom meet with it in that integrity, that it may well be ranged a little above, if not *pari passu* with the dance. For the character of dramatic music has gradually receded from the humanising and elevating, to partake of the trifling and voluptuous with its co-occupant of the stage. And this is one of the effects of the Ballet having usurped so inordinate and disproportioned a place in public entertainments and in public notice. Upon another result we remarked significantly two or three years ago: we allude to the filling of print-shop windows with pictures varying from the slightly indecorous to the absolutely obscene. We foretold that this must have its evil influence on the morals of the metropolis; and it has assuredly spread its poison even more widely and perniciously among the young and ignorant than we could have anticipated or feared. In this race to attract custom (and now in twenty shops for one before) many of the contrasts are painful to the serious or reflective mind. In one pane there is a Crucifixion, in the next a coarse Bacchante; here a Holy Family, and, adjoining, a group of naked opera-girls: in short, every subject the most sacred, and worthy of being looked at with reverence, is to be seen in juxtaposition with every subject profane and indecent.

We are not, however, setting up for austere censors of every laxity of principle or offence of propriety which startle us in the theatres and streets of London: it is to the step-by-step progress of a vicious system that we would point attention. From the theatrical ballets and the print-shops the contamination has spread into other and more offensive directions: we have fallen to the *poses plastiques*, and other exposures of the person, male and female, upon the existence of which in Paris our correspondent in last *Gazette* so forcibly expressed himself. We felt something of a shame that we had not performed a similar duty, due to the respectable and virtuous society of our own capital, outraged daily and nightly by illuminated and other pictures at the places of exhibition or on immense caravans (nuisances when employed in any way) perambulating the thoroughfares with painted groups of both sexes disposed in a style (to say the least) inconsistent with the idea of common decency. These are pretty spectacles for the crowds of young people whom Christmas will relieve from schools, for the enjoyment of home and parents, within a month from this date! "See, my children," may the latter say to them, "what instructive recreations are prepared for you in London. We have enjoyed them long, and now it is your turn. 'The noblest study of mankind is man.' The human form divine is the loveliest product of creation. It is therefore that your fathers and mothers, the police, the government, and the general voice of the inhabitants,

have cherished these exhibitions for you. That mountain of naked men and women is to be seen of real flesh and blood in Windmill Street—that other in Leicester Square—that at the Egyptian Hall—that at Judge Nicholson's, in Bow Street; and when you have improved your minds with this round of naked truth, you shall be taken to Drury Lane, Her Majesty's Theatre, and other more fashionable resorts, to witness the same sort of thing more elegantly executed by the charming *corps de ballet* who now occupy the foremost rank and estimation in the national drama. After having made yourselves acquainted with the vile offerings of the ballet-mania, you will be the better able to taste the luxury of the ballet itself—the cream of refined and intoxicating pleasures." Why have not we a M. Gautier to write a play in which the same freedom of undress might be allowed?—accompanied by speech of a congenial tenor, the sentiment would be more vividly impressed, and the lesson more complete. The female part in these excesses is degrading enough; the male always odious and revolting to masculine, and, we hope, to feminine, sense. At any rate, the extent to which such means for the corruption of manners have been permitted to be carried is much to be lamented in a civilised, moral, and Christian community; and we trust that, where the evil transgresses the very loose bonds of our constitutional restraints, occasion will be seized by the proper authorities to abate the deleterious nuisance.

Austerity is no principle of ours, and we have ever thought that more rational and recreative enjoyments open to the million would be wisdom in the providers and improvement in the participants. Some of the obstacles to this are utterly despicable in a public point of view, and a reproach to the country in which they are suffered to exist. Our gin-palaces, competitors with innocent amusements, and our cathedrals with show-booths, are poor proofs of superiority either in sense or legislation. The number of taverns in and about the metropolis nightly opened to concerts, dramatic representations, conjurers, mountebanks, &c., exceed all belief; and though many of them are conducted with external decency, the majority of them yield the readiest facilities to vice, if they are not vicious in themselves. As the resort of idle apprentices, servants, and a mixture of all characters, they too often pave the way to bad courses—thieving, prostitution, and the very deepest dyes of crime. But higher seasoning yet was wanting, and their meetings and dances have produced a new class of balls, at which the "unfortunate" and the worthless are the principal performers. This is extending into every quarter of the town and suburbs; and it is not too much to say, that scenes of surer corruption for the youth of both sexes could not be devised or sanctioned were the demoralisation of a people the object to be attained. They are precious revels.

ORIGINAL, AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

ROUGH NOTES OF A JOURNEY FROM CEYLON TO LONDON, *via* EGYPT AND TRIESTE.*

LONDON, 20th November, 1846.

LEFT Ceylon, in the Oriental and Peninsular Company's steamer *Bentuck*, on the 20th September, 1846, and did not get to Aden until the 1st October, having had to contend against stormy headwinds. So many interesting accounts of Aden having from time to time appeared in the pages of the *Literary Gazette*, I will only mention that the buildings, and fortifications, appear to be getting forward, although from the difficulty of obtaining material, their progress is not so rapid as could be wished. The garrisons are much harassed by the attacks of the Arabs on what is called the "Turkish

* This sketch will, we trust, be of value to our friends who are passing to and fro on the route described; as well as interesting to the public at large for its recent and general information.—Ed. L. G.

wall," who, although little to be dreaded as an open foe, yet from the frequency of their nocturnal attempts keep a large proportion of the troops under arms all night. It would appear that a religious feeling, a hatred of the infidel, is at the bottom of these proceedings—similar, although on a much smaller scale, to that which animates elsewhere the adherents of Abdel Kader. It can be no other motive, for the tribes in the neighbourhood of Aden have been and continue (if they will permit themselves to be so much benefited by the large sums of money spent there by the English. A street of very respectable houses is springing up, and a very fair hotel established by some enterprising Parsees from Bombay—a class of persons who, by-the-by, are increasing in wealth throughout the west of India, and are superseding European merchants, from the fact of their taking root in the centre of their operations, while the European is a mere bird of passage. It will be interesting to see what English enterprise and exertion will, in the course of a few years, effect on the barren rock of Aden. A trade in Mocha coffee is beginning in the settlement, and which is likely to increase yearly; it is sold at present by the Arabs for about six rupees, or 12s. 4d. muid, or 28lbs., and shipped to Bombay.

We left Aden on the 3d, and arrived at Suez on the 9th of October. A large hotel has been constructed by the Pacha, and is at present open. And now a word or two with the Oriental and Peninsular Steam Company. While I yield second to no one in according to them every praise for their having carried out, in so effective a manner, steam-communication with India, yet I would point out, in the most friendly spirit, to the directors, the expediency of their giving directions to their servants on the following heads:—1st, as regards children, for whose passage very high rates are demanded, and no proper accommodation found. If the "small fry" wander into the gentlemen's saloon, they are frowed at, or worse; if they go into the ladies' saloon, they are expelled *vi et armis*. The deck, during the greater portion of the day, is too hot for them; and the poor little things are to be seen wandering in the passages, looking most disconsolate and unhappy. If the company advertise for and receive children in their steamers, they are bound to have a proper "children's room" for their reception; where they can play without being a cause of annoyance to the rest of the passengers.

2. The agents of the Oriental and Peninsular Company at Calcutta, Madras, and Ceylon, will not book passengers, who are going to England by the Continent, to Alexandria, but only to Suez, where they are left to make the best terms they can with the "Egyptian Transit Company" for their passage across the desert and down the Nile to Alexandria. The passengers who have booked the whole way to Southampton are given the first choice of the desert vans, &c.; while those who are going by Italy or Marseilles are last accommodated, and sometimes compelled to travel on the back of camels or donkeys, to insure being in time for the Austrian or French steamer. This is the more inexcusable as the passage-money to Suez from India is considerably (comparatively speaking) higher than that charged for the passage from India to Southampton. Were, indeed, the passage-money reduced, the interest both of the company and the public would be much promoted.

3. Should the traveller proceeding *via* Trieste, &c. be desirous of transmitting from Alexandria any superfluous baggage to Southampton by the Oriental and Peninsular steamers, they will not receive them on any terms, although the traveller may have proceeded from India to Suez in the Oriental and Peninsular steamer. I would submit that these two latter points are quite unworthy of the company, and I cannot believe that the directors are aware of their existence.

It is but justice to the E. T. Company to say, that I found them most civil; and, all things considered, they manage the transit in a satisfactory manner. The Pacha is at the head of the whole

thing; and, in the present state of Egypt, it is perhaps as well he should be so; the means at his disposal can at once overcome difficulties which may at any moment arise, and which a private company could hardly surmount. As for a railroad across the desert, until, in this age of inventions, some substitute can be found for coal, and the large steamers be enabled to carry merchandise in lieu of coal, I hardly think such a work would answer; the conveyance of passengers and the mails would not pay the interest of the capital that would be absorbed in such an undertaking. I lean, therefore, to the expediency of simply improving the vans and the horses at present employed; and by having a steady and competent European at each station, or stable, in the desert, the terrible loss of time involved in "changing horses" might be considerably lessened. The passage down the Nile by steam, and the canal boats (towed by steam) from Atfeh to Alexandria, is tolerably well managed. The boats ought, however, to be larger.

On my arrival at Alexandria, on the 12th October, I found the old Pacha busy with his "Borage of the Nile" operations. He talks positively of visiting England and France next year, and has commenced a large war-steamer to carry him thither. Ibrahim Pacha was at Cairo. He has expressed himself delighted with his trip to England, and it is supposed that English interests will benefit from his visit. The old Pacha's trip to Constantinople cost him something like two millions of francs. Egypt was very healthy.

I left Alexandria on the 14th, by the Austrian Lloyd's steamer "Imperatore," a very nice vessel. The living was excellent, the attendance very good, and the officers most obliging. After a run of three days, and through the lovely Ionian islands, we touched at Corfu, where we coaled, and pursued our voyage to Trieste, which, after catching sundry glances of the lovely Greek coast, we reached on the 20th October. We had to remain seven days on board, under quarantine, to make up the prescribed thirteen days (the time occupied on the voyage being allowed). The Austrian Government will, I believe, in a short time reduce the period of quarantine.

Trieste is becoming a most important town, and must be a very delightful residence: buildings of a most substantial character are every where rising up. Left Trieste for Venice, in a small steamer, on the 28th October. From Venice the railway in course of construction takes you to Vincenza; the first part of it being carried over the Lagoons. From Vincenza I had to diligence it to Travella; thence the rail took me to Milan, where I arrived on the 1st November. Left that delightful city, on the 3d, by Malle Poste, through Como; crossed the lovely lake of Lugarno, over which a splendid bridge is being constructed. Crossed the St. Gothard on the 4th. There being a great deal of snow on the glorious old Alps, we had to sledge it for sixteen miles. Got to Fleulen in time for the steamer along the lake to Lucerne; thence to Basle by diligence. From Basle, 5th November, to Strasburg, by rail; thence, on the 6th, by rail to Mannheim, where I caught the steamer, which took me to Mayence on the evening of the 6th. Next day per steamer to Cologne. 7th, to Brussels per rail; arrived at half-past eight p.m. same day. 8th, rail to Ostend. 9th, to Dover per steamer, one p.m. London, eight p.m. The total expenses of travelling were not greater than if I had gone direct from Alexandria to Southampton, a route which involves a long sea-voyage, with the delight of a tossing in the Bay of Biscay. To all in health, the journey *via* Trieste, unless it be undertaken too late in the season, is most delightful.

E. R. P.

ETNA.

[From Ms. Memoranda of the Mediterranean.]

A few days ago I found, among some miscellaneous papers, an anecdote, picked up during a visit to Etna, which gives an account of a remarkable

ascent of that mountain by Englishmen. It is not adventures by reason of toll of travel and terrors of volcanic fire; for of these I shall have little to say, but only curious in a national point of view, and should it ever before have appeared in print, we must date the publication some twenty-five years back, when the circumstances occurred. No late traveller whose writings I am acquainted with has told "the tale that was told to me," and to about half-a-dozen idle listeners who, I dare say, have forgotten all about it.

Our little party was composed of naval officers, who had made a forced night-march from Syracuse, on horseback, rested one night at Catania, and then next afternoon proceeded to Nicolosi. Here we passed several hours most agreeably with the well-known geologist of Etna, Signor Gemmellaro, bidding our time to breast the mountain, and from him I heard the anecdote which I will now attempt to relate. When the Anglo army of occupation first arrived in Sicily, during our war with France, the wooded region of Etna was held by brigands. These outlaws levied severe black mail not only on the curious traveller, but also upon the inhabitants of the many towns and villages at the base of the mountain, within reach of a fell swoop from their eyrie. Few tourists were abroad in the time to which the Signor referred; the political combustion among nations had left even our travel-loving countrymen without leisure or inclination to visit the combustions of the earth. The travellers who visited Etna were also appalled at finding that they must pay more than the price of mules and guides to reach the summit of the burning mountain,—the brigands must be propitiated with the full contents of a tourist's purse, and woe betide the unfortunate man who had not enough therein to satisfy their cupidity; he returned to the plain horribly maltreated, if he returned at all. Thus Etna had not many visitors in those days; but the greater the risk, up to a certain point, the more intense the pleasure, is a maxim with Englishmen. Accordingly, one day, at the hour of noontide and slumber, a party of British officers from the garrison of Catania appeared in the little town of Nicolosi. Some came in carriages by the high-road, others on horseback straggled up from the byways of the mountain. It was one of the most sultry days of the season. Mont Rosa shewed its red head in the glare of light, as though its ashes were again glowing; the green vines at its base were unstirred by a breath of wind, and Etna's towering summit appeared itself in the distance amid an unclouded sky, like a mighty altar to the god of day. The very dogs slept in the heat of noontide at Nicolosi, and, according to the general remark in sunny climes, it was the exact time at which Englishmen went abroad. The merry party that now braved the sun in its height soon roused the village, to obtain whatever entertainment it afforded. The travellers had news too, news of the war,—yes, here they had much to say, and eager were the listeners. But they had, as well, intelligence of a more domestic and local nature to communicate. Some days before the Englishmen arrived, the finest bull in Nicolosi had roamed from the little herd and disappeared. Whether the cows thought he had listed for a soldier in such warlike times we are not informed, but gone he was, and no one could find him. Now the British officers brought news of the runaway. As I before said, they had not all come by the direct road from Catania; those who were mounted had left the carriages behind, and spread themselves over the country. The ladies of the party, with a few faithful knights, continuing on the high road, could see the knights errant now appearing and now disappearing, each pursuing his own path up the base of the mountain. At length, as though suddenly engaging in a steeple-chase, all seemed bearing toward one point. What could it be that had so interested their sympathies, concentrating their aim to reach some remarkable spot? The curiosity of the ladies was satisfied at the same

time that the villagers were informed of the fate of the missing bull. While engaged in threading the vineyards and scoria tracks of the mountain, a glow of national feeling suddenly warmed the hearts of the English officers—at least so say the Sicilians, who tell the story. The most exquisite perfume rose on the gale; each rider turned his horse's head in the direction whence the breath of Araby appeared to come; and the boldest horsemen, if they were not in at the death, certainly arrived at the roasting of the lost bull, wedged in a hot cranny of a ravine beneath Mont Rossa. The mystery of the missing beast might never have been discovered, the villagers to this day say, had it not been for the noses of the Englishmen, led by the smell of "Roast Beef." Not disputing the question with the Nicolosians, we will return to Gemmellaro's story, with respect to which the lost bull is but an episode. Notwithstanding all the British officers heard of the brigands in the village, which more than confirmed the reports at Catania on the same fearful subject, the whole party started that night at the usual hour to gain the summit of the mountain at break of day—ay, even the ladies. British officers had as brave wives and daughters in the old wars of Europe as in the late wars of India. It must be confessed that some of the young officers thought it prudent to ride very close to the young ladies of the party, where the road would admit of this kind of progress; a guard of the seniors kept equally close to the unwilling guides, and another guard brought up the rear: so the advance was in complete military order. The wooded region was reached; the young ladies' hearts beat, and the gentlemen's repeaters sounded midnight! The giant branches of the old trees of Etna held out their arms, but no voice cried "Stand!" to the traveller, or any thing that could be freely translated into stand: thus was much good courage thrown away. There was not a robber to be seen or heard; no unearthly sounds to startle; no skulls to stumble over: the whole romance of the brigands had come to an end. After taking rest and refreshment under the "castagno di cento cavalli," the sheltering chestnut of a hundred horse power, as an officer of one of her Majesty's steamers has lately translated it—the travellers proceeded on their excursion; I cannot say how they got on: but I can, from experience, picture them riding till no ridden beast could advance further through the wild waste of scoria, with its deep, and deeper, and deepest snowy crust. I can then imagine their happy progression on foot, in which the legs make their sockets in the slightly frozen snowbeds, and then have to be worked round and round, till you get them out, that another step may be taken, involving the same process. I will only hope, for the sake of the ladies of the party, that the snow was not so newly fallen, and so slightly frozen, as when I made the ascent, or that the gentlemen were gallant and strong enough to carry them.

Again I can picture to my imagination the last stage, from the spot where the "Casa Inglese" now stands—upon a loose cinder-heap, frosted like a twelve-cake, over which a curious problem is worked, each step forward appearing to take you two steps backward, and yet the summit of Etna is gained. To be sure, you may be dragged half a mile by a guide, but you need not mention this when you get home to England. Sunrise from Etna has been described again, and again, and yet I must refer you to the mountain-top, at the hour of dawn, for any thing like a true conception of this daily wonder, when the sky is clear, which so few behold. It is a spectacle such as might have answered the mandate, "Let there be light!" The sun bursts from the chaos of darkness, but earth is yet undefined; another moment past of this dawning of creation, and the sea rolls in the distance, the dry land appears. The world below seems to rise now from the hand of its Creator! The giant shadow of Etna, making yet the night of Sicily, now fades away; all is re-

vealed; and breathing faintly the atmosphere of the skies, we gaze downward, wondering if it be that earth which we have left.

But to descend from the mountain, and go on with our story. On the return of the travellers to the wooded region, great was their surprise to find under the "castagno di cento cavalli" a sumptuous collation prepared for them. Every description of game known in Sicily was there cooked and garnished, ready for the hungry tourists! The feast was not sent from Catania, nor had it come from Nicolosi; there was here collected more than a year's provision for the whole village: no, it was spread by the brigands of the mountain for the Englishmen, of whose intended coming their spies had informed them. Many of these desperadoes had been driven to their present mode of life by political persecutions. They were all brave men, and honoured the brave.

If I recollect aright, my friend Gemmellaro told me that a note in the midst of the sylvan feast invited our countrymen to partake of it, and I have no doubt that they accepted the invitation. The following year the British officers saw some of their hospitable entertainers executed in the streets of Catania. The brigands of Etna, soon after the visit to their haunts which I have related, had, of their own accord, dispersed themselves. One or two of their band had since served in the Sicilian army, and gallantly; but the penalty of blood shed amid the vines of the mountain was yet to be visited upon them. I know not if their guests in the woods of Etna interceded for them; but this I know—they "died the death." The accompanying memorandum was given me by Signor Gemmellaro, containing the names, &c. of the brigands.

"Nomi delli individui che componevano la forte e coraggiosa brigata di malfattori costeggiando sulle lave dell' Etna, senza temere gli aggressi della forza militare per il corso di anni due.

"Di Nicolosi.—Agostino la Rosa; Domenico di Giovanni-Antonio; Giuseppe Sotera; D. Domenico Barbagallo; D. Giovanni Barbagallo; Giuseppe Navarrio, Filucca; Diego Leonardi; Antonino Caudullo, mammano.

"Di Pedara.—D. Antonino Torrisi; D. Giuseppe Torrisi; Luigi Cuppa; Giuseppe Curruni.

"Di Mascali.—Giuseppe Reina Itta; Vito Rapisardi Cipudda; Vito Bassello.

"Tale brigata di facinorosi giovani sconsigliati, perseguitati dal Governo si infugirono sull' Etna, ove schernirono per il corso di due anni qualunque forza spedita contro di loro. Tutti i villagesi dei dintorni temevano dei medesimi. Tale brigata fu dispersa, entrando la diffidenza tra loro; e riuscì traditore il solo D. Antonino Torrisi, che alquanto ne fece imprigionare; bensì alcuni della brigata vendicarono l' arresto dei compagni, con la morte del Torrisi. Agostino la Rosa, il più bel giovine di essi, il più forte, il più coraggioso, andò a servire in un reggimento Anglo-Siciliano, e fu ben ricevuto, e gradualmente sorgente. Ma ciò saputo, il Governo di Sicilia richiese dal Generale Stuart tal uomo, che gli fu vilmente consegnato; e l' infelice morì appiccato nel 1812."

RICHARD JOHNS.

P.S. A friend at mine elbow reminds me that when I last told the foregoing story no ladies were introduced: perhaps so; but they are an embellishment to all stories, and the fact of the courtesy of the brigands to the English officers remains the same.

THE DRAMA.

The Adelphi.—On Monday the *Wreck Ashore* was revived; and Mrs. Yates appeared in her original character, which was as truly affecting as ever, and brought tears from many an eye. It is worth notice, that the acting of a drama of this kind, essentially humanised and adorned with genuine art and feeling, by such a performer as Mrs. Yates, has actually the effect of improving the entire atmosphere of the stage around, and those who are called upon to take part in the scene. Wright, it is true,

can always display true comic talent when opportunity is afforded him; and it is only to be regretted, when such an actor is cast into a low engaging character; but on this occasion his *Marmaduke Magog* was thoroughly excellent. Reeve, and himself. The same remark applies to the rest; Mr. Munyard and all played in a capital style, and the piece went off with deserved *accolade*.

Sadlers' Wells.—On Monday at Sadlers' Wells we saw, in *Venice Preserved*, Miss Laura Addison, the young actress who is gradually threading her way to public favour, through the various characters of our standard plays. Tragedy seems to be especially attempted by this lady, and it must be owned, that she gives a very fair future promise of high dramatic talent. She is handsome and graceful. In her studies she evidently thinks for herself, and acts independently of the conventionalities of the stage, or of favourite performers. This alone is in our eyes a great recommendation. Whatever may be her present position with the public, she appears determined to eschew copyism, and, on the other hand, avoid the assumption of any individual trick or affectation. She is not without some deficiencies, amongst the most prominent of which we might notice a want of command over her physical powers, which occasionally lead her too far; but these may soon be modified by judicious advice, and more familiar acquaintance with the stage. Her action is so natural and earnest, that we sincerely hope she will meet with every encouragement, which may confirm her in the good path she has selected. Most of the other characters of the play were very creditably performed.

Mr. Alcroft's Promenade Concerts.—We have found that we could pass a very pleasant evening's amusement here. Mr. Sinclair, an old favourite, was warmly welcomed and encored in his song, "The maid with the bonnie blue e'en." Mr. Henry Russell, most popular both in his grave and comic efforts, with entertaining anecdote merrily told. The Distin family, with their silver sax-horns, good together, and one of them especially so in the lovely Sonambula air, with pianoforte accompaniment. These, with overtures, polkas, and quadrilles, make three hours go very pleasantly. The house was well and respectfully filled, and well lighted.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MUMMY.

FROM the old world, lo, one before me laid,
Who, though his lips be seal'd, perchance may tell
A secret of the past. How strange the spell
With which a mortal to his Maker's aid
Has come unask'd, and death's corruption stay'd!
Ready to rise and stand upon his feet,
When called to come before the judgment seat;
Behold him—still in robes of earth array'd!
Had life not yet that garment thread-bare worn,
That, loath to leave it for the worms to fret,
The owner wraps it round him even yet—
To cover, in the resurrection morn,
His shivering soul! or was it that his trust
Quailed at the mystery of the scatter'd dust? R. F.

VARIETIES.

Lord Rector of Glasgow University.—The *Glasgow Argus* states that Lord John Russell has accepted the office of Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and will visit that city to be installed whenever the pressure of public business permits.

Literature.—The boon which the warden and fellows of All Souls' College, Cambridge, recently conferred upon literature by the publication of a catalogue of their valuable collection of MSS. is now being followed up by the heads and fellows of other colleges, who have engaged the learned editor of the All Souls' catalogue, the Rev. H. D. Cox, Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian, to examine and describe their MSS. with a view of publishing a catalogue of them. *Cambridge Chronicle*.

The Roman Advertiser is the title given to an English newspaper started in Rome, under, it is stated, the editorship of a gentleman named Hemans, but entirely the property of Italians.

A CHEMICAL RECIPE.
Epigram on a young chemist, poet, that he could make fire (i.e., from chemical compounds).

A chemical concocted prig,
 Second to none but great Liebig;
 Infused with his puffy gases,
 Deeming all former men mere asses,—
 "I'll do a thing beyond belief!"
 "I just mix these—behold—it's Beer!"
 Quick Equilibrium then replied,
 "I'll do it, and make it from 22-44!"
 While from your mouth, with calf's tongue full,
 There bellows forth an Irish Bull!"

ENT LITERARY NOVELTIES.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE.

WE have again to request our friends and subscribers to lose no time in making up their volumes of the *Literary Gazette* (enlarged Series, of which the present is the 48th No.) for the year 1816, by procuring any back numbers in which they may be deficient. We have also to solicit the favour of early orders, through all respectable publishers, booksellers, and newsvendors, from those who purpose to commence the year 1847 with this journal.

The *Mercantile Almanac* (Smith, Elder, and Co.) Very good. The new tariff useful for working at present. When Mr. Little's invention for working at present from twelve to fourteen thousand sheets a week, of the size of the *Times* newspaper, is fully specified and tried, we shall have pleasure in making its merits known.

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